YANK

THE ARMY WEEKLY

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By the men . . for the men in the service

COAST ARTILLERY MASCOT

Kokita, mascot of a Coast Artillery basketball team in Puerto Rico, gets in the hair of Cpl. Ross Jarrett of Indianapolis. A master of Spanish profanity, she's learning how to curse in English now.

Pictures from the Greatest War Movie Ever Filmed

—SEE PAGES 12 AND 13

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Everything Happens On Way To Gabes and Maknassy

ON THE TUNISIAN FRONT [By Radio]—During the push in southern Tunisia, the surprise tactics of one American outfit hit the jackpot and collected 1,400 Italian prisoners.

After an all-night forced march, the Yanks got themselves into position. Then, at 6 in the morning they struck the enemy and dragged their 1,400 Italians from individual machine-gun posts along the road from El Guettar to Gabes. Most of the Ities put up a stiff fight.

From the appearance of the captives, it seems that a lot of nonsense has been spread around about the deplorable condition of Italy's soldiers. These men were well-fed; their uniforms were

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in tatters, but they were all wearing warm overcoats and had good equipment. Yank soldiers said that many of the machine-gun posts were well stocked with wine bottles, most of them empty or half full.

Two of the queer sights that were seen along the Maknassy Road: A GI playing an accordion against the rhythmical background of nearby bursting bombs, and a camel plumped down in the middle of a road blocking tank and truck traffic on the way to the front.

It's amazing how crowded fox holes can get. One, located on the outskirts of Maknassy, got mighty jammed when four Stukas suddenly appeared overhead. YANK's correspondent and another American soldier jumped into that particular hole together, just getting out of the way of a bomb landing 40 feet away. Before another Stuka could drop a second load, that fox hole built for one had no less than three guys piled in on top of each other.

The gun crews of a 37-mm antitank outfit faced three Axis frontal attacks one day. They scored bull's eyes every time they fired, knocking out, among other things, a German armored car, two reconnaissance cars and a truck loaded with German soldiers. They captured seven Italians and eight Jerries.

In each case the crews, knowing that their weapons were no good for long range work, held up their fire until the vehicles were well within range before letting loose. They were cited for "skill and courage under fire."

New signposts planted outside of Gafsa at the junction of the road to Gabes read: THE FIRST ARMY WELCOMES THE EIGHTH ARMY. The signs were made of metal with large black letters printed on a white enameled background.

Men in the front lines and in the rear prepared for the beginning of the malaria season. They were warned that military operations would be seriously jeopardized unless control measures were strictly observed. Starting April 22, soldiers were required to take four atebrin pills a week, use mosquito bars at night, wear [illegible] nets and gloves and use a mosquito repellant on their bodies.

Atebrin, a new substitute for quinine, was discovered by the Germans and is considered superior to quinine as a remedy for malaria. This is the first time atebrin has been used on such a large scale; tons of the pills were shipped over here to meet the demand. The British and French forces are following the same malaria control measures. —YANK's North African Bureau

WAR GAME IN TUNISIA.

In back of the front lines in Tunisia, an American patrol trains for the real thing. In this training photo, "enemy" bombs, represented by land mines, are exploding close to the half-track and amphibious jeep at left and the amphibious jeep at right. In the foreground, a "wounded" soldier is treated by two Medical Corps men. In the center, two kneeling soldiers, and two others prone, fire at the "foe."

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Yanks at Home Abroad

A U.S. Ranger in Britain looks as if he were about to cut his pal's throat as neatly as you'd slice a turkey. It's part of Commando training in Scotland.

'First In, Last Out'—The Combat Engineers In New Guinea Had What It Takes

By Sgt. DAVE RICHARDSON
YANK Staff Correspondent

WITH THE AMERICAN TROOPS IN NEW GUINEA [By Radio]—From the first day, the combat engineers earned their reputation as the hardest working men at the battle front. Within a few hours of their arrival, they had cleared an airstrip on the north side of the Owen Stanley Mountains so the Infantry could be flown in. Then they unloaded the transport planes, slashed jeep trails through the jungles and drove supplies to the front.

After these preliminaries, they were asked to assist in the attack on the Buna area. A Jap hospital had been evacuated, the enemy retreating so fast they left their supplies behind. The combat engineers were detailed to go out and get the stuff.

Within half an hour, they were creeping toward the hospital which was fully exposed to enemy fire. A grenade's throw away, there were Jap pill boxes and snipers.

The engineers could reach their objective only by sneaking through a waist-deep swamp. But they got there and, expecting the Japs to open fire at any moment, carried the precious quinine and medical equipment back through the swamps to the medics.

When the infantrymen drove through the jungles and ran up against their first pill boxes, they found they had a tough job on their hands. Long after hand grenades had been thrown through the slits and tommy guns emptied into the pill boxes, the Japs still kept on firing. Another job for the engineers.

They crept up to the blind spots of each pill box, shoved charges of high explosives into the log structures, lit the fuses and ran. The pill boxes disappeared.

Scattered over each battleground, as the Infantry pushed on, were many unexploded mortar and artillery shells, and occasional booby traps. The engineers got rid of these, as well as enemy mines.

A network of small, treacherous rivers laces the Buna area. The Japs usually built strongholds commanding strategic spots, so as to make American troop crossings as costly as possible.

At one point, the engineers sent for some rubber assault boats and collected some old Jap communication wire. Some infantrymen swam the river and established a bridgehead on the enemy side. Wire was tossed to them and fastened securely on both banks. Other pieces of wire were fastened to the boats, so that they could be yanked speedily across. All the troops had to do was lie low and steer themselves by the wire stretched from bank to bank. They were thus a poor and fast-moving target.

Old Jap bridges, damaged by shell fire, were patched up as soon as possible. At one of these, the combat engineers won official acclaim for their gallantry under fire. The bridge spanned a river between Buna Village and Buna Mission. It was heavily covered by Jap machine-gun fire.

Because it stood in the way of one of the American spearheads aimed at Buna Mission, the river had to be crossed.

The problem for the engineers was to repair the bridge under fire.

They walked right out onto the bridge with planks as rifle bullets whined all around them. Just as they began to make repairs, two Jap machine guns opened up a few yards from the end of the bridge.

The men dove in every direction and swam to the American side of the river—all except Sgt. Charles H. Gray of Petersham, Mass., who was in charge of the crew. He was too far on the wrong side of the bridge to risk swimming back, so he struck out for the Jap side and hid under some overhanging bushes until dark. He and his three-man squad were decorated with the DSC.

Getting into hot spots became the engineers' daily routine. Sgt. Bart McDonough of Reading, Mass., and Cpl. Henry Clay of Beverly, Mass., were ordered to attach a rope across a river, so that the infantrymen could cross hand-over-hand.

The area was thick with Japs, so the mortar company planned to lay down a barrage of fire, to protect the engineers as they worked.

The mortar company sent an observer with a telephone along with McDonough and Clay, and as the party crept up to the bank the barrage began. It was far short of its target; shells fell all around the Yanks. The observer grabbed his phone to report the situation, but the wire had been cut by a shell.

"We took that barrage lying on our bellies for a few minutes," Sgt. McDonough said, "then we got the hell out of there—quick."

Now the big battles are over for a while and the engineers are repairing the roads and bridges that wash out several times a week during New Guinea's rainy season.

Sweating away under the broiling sun, laboring through driving rain, the engineers get more curses than thanks. Whenever there aren't any roads, the engineers get blamed; when there are roads, they're too bumpy.

"It doesn't matter," philosophized Cpl. Anthony J. Wodenka of Niagara, Wis. "We combat engineers are used to all kinds of dirty work and dirty words."

The Cold Nose Kids in Alaska Work in the World's Coldest Lab

ALASKA—They call them the Cold Nose Kids. And as GI nicknames go, that's a pretty close call.

Members of an AAF Detachment, Cold Weather Test, they were brought here "for the purpose of conducting conclusive, comprehensive Air Corps experimental work in sub-zero temperatures."

Before the first flight of six officers, 18 men and a pair of B-17s landed at the Cold Weather Experimental Station late in 1940, construction of the "lab" was already under way.

Building a runway was not nearly so much work as getting ready to build a runway. Roads had to be cut, trees felled, bogs filled, tundra pushed back in black waves by giant carry-all scrapers.

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Then came the first test. Could a concrete runway survive the punishment of an arctic winter? The crews dug out two feet of top soil, filled in with one foot of washed gravel, another foot of unwashed gravel. Concrete, boned with steel, was poured over this base like cake icing.

That first test established the standard for construction of arctic airdromes.

The Cold Nose Kids then looked into the matter of weather. Immediately they bumped into such problems as the whirling Taku wind, the downhill blast of the williwaw, freak wing-icing phenomena, and temperature inversions in which you took off shivering at 50 degrees below zero, climbed 2,000 feet and watched the mercury rise 82 degrees.

Preparing military aircraft for such capricious atmosphere was like trying to decide on a single costume in which to hike over Mount McKinley and attend a tea dance on the other side.

At first, some of the GIs thought "the Gaff"—Col. Dale V. Gaffney—was being unnecessarily tough on them when he ordered that all planes undergoing experimentation be left outdoors at all times. They soon learned differently. In full-dress winter, temperatures bobbed from minus 60 to sometimes 50 above, but mostly lingered anywhere from 10 to 35 below. A plane "sweats" in a warm hangar, and it takes a long time for it to dry off. If you wheeled it out into the open air with condensation still collected on its vital parts, you might have to kiss the ship goodbye.

As for clothes, they make the man in the Arctic. And some clothes make him last longer.

At first, the obvious answer for keeping warm in the air was electrically heated underwear. Then came the tests. The "shockers" drew thumbs down. At temperatures of 30 below, the men couldn't keep the seat of their pants, the palms of their hands and their feet from glaciating. Besides, the electric undies offered no protection if you were forced to jump from a plane or pitch camp around a crash landing.

The natural-hide parkas and tall boots—called "DVGs" for Dale V. Gaffney—are the most comfortable duds for sub-zero wear, but were found to be too bulky for efficient work. They're still trying to figure what the well-dressed mechanic should wear.

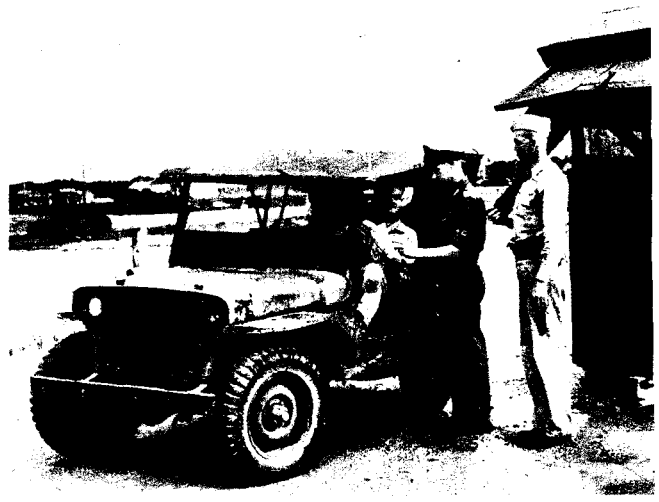
Heating the man was no more difficult a task than heating the plane. So rugged are most of the engines, however, that they can be started without preheating in temperatures down to 25 below zero. Alaskan bush pilots have long relied on the procedure of draining oil immediately after the engine has stopped, then heating the engine by a hot-air heater before starting it again.

Fuel and lubrication provided a row of stumbling blocks until the experimenters discovered the solution: keep gasoline below the freezing point of water all winter, keep oil storage constantly heated, and clear all lines, linkages and flight-control mechanisms of heavy oil and grease.

To prevent frosting of wings and tail surfaces, a special light covering was developed which could be handled when frozen.

And finally, it was found that all large planes should be parked on plywood pads so the tires won't freeze to the runway. Changing tires at 40 below is no joke.

—Sgt. GEORG N. MEYERS
YANK Staff Correspondent



Americans and Dutch are working together in Dutch Guiana. Here Pvt. Lee D. Collins stands guard while Sgt. Roelof Ditzel, Dutch MP, questions a driver.

These Little Things Seem Big to the GIs in Tunisia

On the Tunisian Front [By Radio]—Here are some of the little things one guy hears from another guy in pup tents strung out anywhere along the front.

Soldiers have been sweating out chow lines, pay lines, PX lines and mail call, but in one week recently 92 GIs—from lowly yardbird up to the major—sweated out babies. The Red Cross, which got the information from the States and passed it on to the boys, called it a record week. There was even a set of twins reported to one proud father.

Thirty-four dogfaces you don't hear much about are the flying medics who fly back and forth to the front day after day, taking care of the wounded that are brought in on C-47s. They are the only soldiers besides the doctors who can administer morphine at their own discretion. One of them, Sgt. Paul Flatorio of Emerson, N. J., even gave oxygen to a patient on a plane once.

"It's an old story with me," he said. "I used to be a volunteer fireman."

A Red Cross show, made up of refugee entertainers, went on a tour from Casablanca to Constantine. They played in mud fields, plane hangars and circus tents, giving 51 performances. The Red Cross director, Frank (Bring 'em Back Alive) Goddell, acted as father, mother, wet nurse and producer for the group.

A strictly no-red-tape outfit is a Quartermaster unit made up of nine enlisted men and Lt. Clement Finn of Brockton, Mass. They travel from place to place along the southern Tunisian front in a couple of trucks, handing out clothes and equipment to those who need them. All you need to do is ask for it, and you get it.

The only GI-operated railroad in North Africa is a 100-mile stretch of road the Yanks took over from the French. The personnel of the battalion, representing every railroad in the U. S., can tear engines apart or put them together again. They are able to supply full engine crews to operate any train at any time. On one raid this outfit made its own sortie against the enemy and came back with four engines and valuable locomotive equipment.

A CO with bright ideas is Capt. Edwin Atkins of New York City. He and his men rigged up a portable hot shower unit and two iceboxes back in the States during the Carolina maneuvers, and brought them along to the front with them. The shower unit takes 15 minutes to set up anywhere. It is made of a bunch of pipes, a kerosene heater and a 500-gallon tank. Eight guys can take a shower at one time, and 600 GIs manage to use it every day. The dogfaces in charge of the shower appointments are Pvt. Homer Fink of Owaneco, Ill., and Pfc. Robert Creamer of Belleplain, N. J.

Soldiers having trouble looking a can of C rations in the face are now talking about something called U rations. The contents include meatballs, cheese and spaghetti, bacon and eggs, unsweetened orange juice, green beans and butter—all in cans.

Item of importance: The things the boys out here want most are mail, mail and mail—in that order.

—Sgt. RALPH G. MARTIN
YANK Field Correspondent

Susie and Mata Looked Alike But Susie Was Male, Mata Was Not

Somewhere in British West Africa — Cpl. Charles Bishop of Middletown, Ohio, didn't think it was a joke—at first.

He'd just got off a plane after a long, tiring trip. A nice bed had been assigned to him. He'd taken a shower and shave, stretched out on the bunk and was sawing away for dear life.

Suddenly, he jerked wide awake. A big hairy paw was running over his bare leg. Staring into his face was the biggest leopard he'd ever seen outside a zoo.

Bishop practically flew into the upper bunk. The leopard went after him. Cpl. Bishop kept on traveling — up the barracks rafters — with the leopard nibbling at his heels.

Just as he was about to give up the ghost the guys who had been enjoying the show grabbed their pet and put it back into the cage.

Just another practical joke on a new man.

The fun began about six months ago when a native brought two leopard cubs into camp. They immediately were adopted by the GIs. Susie, the larger of the two, became quite playful. Susie's the one who goes after bare feet. For some reason a soldier's bare doggies affect Susie like catnip.

Mata shows wilder tendencies than Susie and stays in the cage except for an occasional run through the camp. When both of the cubs are let out at the same time, it takes the entire detachment to get them back in the cage.

Lately the boys found that they'd been calling their pets by the wrong names. It turned out that Susie is the male and Mata the female. But it doesn't make much difference because the fun's just about over. The boys are also discovering that eight months is just about the age limit for playful leopards to remember how to play. They're three feet long, with eyes that are getting that wild look; their jaws are strong and wide, and their claws long and sharp.

It looks like the zoo for Mata and Susie.

—Sgt. KEN ABBOTT
YANK Field Correspondent

It's a Fisherman's Paradise; You Just Clean Them and Eat Them

South Pacific — Target practice by Marine shore batteries serves a double purpose here. Besides keeping the Leathernecks in shape for all eventualities, it provides the natives with a new and easy method of procuring food.

The minute the marines "cease firing", the natives leap into their boats and head out toward the shattered targets. In that area are dead and stunned fish, victims of exploding shells. The natives dive to depths of 20 feet to retrieve fish still edible.

—Sgt. DICK GORDON, USMC.

In Next Week's YANK . . .

COAST GUARD ISSUE

YANK turns its pages over to a branch of the service that does a tough job and gets little glory in return.

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82-Pound Sergeant

She is one of the brave nurses who walked from Burma to join the U. S. Army with Stilwell forces in India.

Sgt. Little Bawk checks on inoculation.

Lt. Col. Gordon S. Seagrave, commander.

By Sgt. ED CUNNINGHAM
YANK Staff Correspondent

SOMEWHERE IN INDIA—The U. S. Army now has a sergeant in its ranks who is just 4 feet 11 inches tall and weighs only 82 pounds.

To top it off, the sergeant is a girl—Sgt. Little Bawk, 19-year-old Burmese nurse who is aide-de-camp to Lt. Col. Gordon S. (Daddy) Seagrave, commanding officer of one of the most unique outfits in the entire U. S. Army.

However, her elfinish size didn't prevent Sgt. Little Bawk working 36 hours straight during the Battle of Toungoo with Japanese bombs falling 200 yards away. Nor did it stop her from driving a fully loaded army truck 100 miles in a single day over the hazardous Burma Road. And she topped that off by marching barefooted out of Burma with Lt. Gen. Joe Stilwell.

Little Bawk is one of 33 Burmese girls who were organized as a nursing unit back in 1941 by Dr. Seagrave, a former Baptist missionary. They served with the British Sixth Army and operated hospitals along the Burma Road until the arrival of Gen. Stilwell and his staff in the Far East. Then Dr. Seagrave, an American, transferred his unit to the U. S. forces.

The nurses stuck with Stilwell's group throughout the disastrous Burma campaign. Eighteen of them came along with "Uncle Joe" on his heroic 20-day, 140-mile march across the mountains and jungles into India. The other 15 were flown out.

During the long trek in terrible heat and pouring rains, these Burmese nurses attended all the sick and wounded and also cooked, washed and sewed for the doctors in the Seagrave unit. They

Co-operative back-washing is an old Burmese custom. The girls take a complete bath without removing their loose-fitting skirts.

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held a foot clinic at the end of each day's march to prepare the footsore refugees for the next day's grind. They helped make rafts to float supplies down the Uyu River. And through it all they kept their unquenchable optimism and cheerfulness. Even over the most tortuous stretches of the march, they cracked jokes and chanted Burmese songs. Gen. Stilwell afterward praised them for keeping up the morale of the others in the group.

Technically, the Burmese nurses are not members of the U. S. Army. As non-citizens, they don't take the oath of allegiance. But they receive their monthly pay, ranging from $30 to $75, and quarters, rations and uniforms from the Army. They are subject to military law. And they take the same typhus, tetanus and yellow-fever shots as any other GI, which is enough to make them sisters-under-the-skin in any man's army.

Sgt. Little Bawk and the 32 other Burmese nurses wear natty brown serge uniforms furnished by the quartermasters. On the collars of their jackets they pin spare lieutenant or captain bars, bummed from the American medical officers in the Seagrave unit. Which is one way of getting some rank if you're nothing more than a corporal or sergeant.

They Rate High in Medical Skill

What some of the girls lack in military rank they make up in royalty. Three of them are princesses, the daughters of royal rulers in the Shan States. Another is the daughter of the prime minister of an Upper Burma state. Several are convent-trained, and all speak good English.

The Burmese nurses work alongside Army doctors and GI pill rollers at the U. S. Army post hospital here which is under Col. Seagrave's command. Their aptitude and knowledge of nursing has amazed the American medical officers who rate them as among the finest medical assistants in the world. Maj. John H. Grindley, formerly of the Mayo Clinic and now chief surgeon here, claims Sgt. Koi, the 21-year-old head nurse, is the equal of any surgical assistant with whom he has ever worked. Sgt. Koi, who has no given name, is 5 feet tall and weighs all of 90 pounds.

The CO of this unusual outfit is probably one of the most popular "Old Men" in the entire U. S. Army—and also the one accorded the least military courtesy. Col. Seagrave is never "colonel" to his Burmese nurses. He's just plain "Daddy." That name springs from his 20 years of missionary work in Burma where he knew many of his present nursing staff as babies. During the bombing of Toungoo, one nurse was heard praying aloud as she made her rounds treating patients while bombs burst 200 yards away. Her prayer was "Please, God, don't let Daddy get hurt." Over Col. Seagrave's office door is a sign, "Daddy," printed and hung there by his nurses.

Although he's an American, Dr. Seagrave was born in Rangoon. He is the fourth generation of his family who have served as American Baptist missionaries in Burma during the past 110 years. For 20 years prior to the Jap invasion of Burma, he operated a 150-bed mission hospital in Namhkam, North Shan States, with his wife serving as matron. Dr. Seagrave sent his wife back to their home in Granville, Ohio, when the Japs invaded Burma.

Assigned to Hospitals on Burma Road

He then organized his Burmese nurses unit and assigned three nurses to duty at each of the eight field hospitals he set up behind the 300-mile front held by the British Sixth Army.

Later, he established eight more hospitals along the Burma Road to care for military and civilian patients injured or taken sick along that supply line to China. At such widely scattered hospitals which could only be visited periodically by Col. Seagrave and his six "circuit-riding" doctors, the nurses were often required to perform minor surgical operations by themselves.

When he transferred his unit to the American forces, Dr. Seagrave was commissioned a major in the U. S. Army Medical Corps. After marching out of Burma with Gen. Stilwell, he set up a hospital in Assam to treat other Burma evacuees. For that work, he has been decorated by King George of England.

Col. Seagrave later established this 1,000-bed hospital where Chinese soldiers, along with some U. S. and Indian troops, are being nursed back to health for another crack at the Japs. When they go back into Burma, they will have "Daddy," Sgt. Little Bawk, Sgt. Koi and the other Burmese nurses along with them to take care of front-line surgery.

Except for the CO, all GIs above the rank of pfc. were banned from this South Pacific banquet.

This Private Blowout Made Noncom Mouths Water

SOMEWHERE IN THE SOUTH PACIFIC — Two or three stripes, or a bar or two, cut no ice with the 7th Graders of an Air Depot Supply Squadron here on a South Pacific island, when the boys inaugurated their big "Private Blowout."

Only noncoms allowed to attend were those who had received their stripes since first arrangements for the party were made. Each private shelled out three bucks to cover the cost of the food and drinks. The meal consisted of pork chops, French fries, fresh fruit of all kinds, cookies, French bread, lemonade, wine and coffee.

All the work was done by the men and will probably be recorded as the first real volunteer KP by privates in the U. S. Army. Pfc. Al Edwards, a former New York hotel manager, originated the party and did the cooking for the spread.

—Cpl. E. CULVER WOLD
YANK Field Correspondent

Army Notes on Conservation of Ammunition in Far East

Unofficial correspondence on file at the headquarters of Lt. Gen. Millard F. Harmon, commanding Army Forces in the South Pacific Area, concerns the expenditure of eight bullets by Maj. Gen. J. L. Collins, in the killing of a Japanese sniper on Guadalcanal. The correspondence follows:

HEADQUARTERS USAFISPA
January 26, 1943

SUBJECT: Excessive Expenditure of Ammunition.
TO: Commanding General, Guadalcanal.

1. It has come to the attention of this headquarters, unofficially, that one of your commanders, Maj. Gen. Joseph L. Collins, personally expended eight rounds of 30-caliber ammunition for a net return of only one Jap sniper. This is considered an excessive expenditure of ammunition by at least six rounds, particularly in view of Gen. Collins' previous record as an expert rifleman. Furthermore, it is understood that considerable damage to a coconut tree resulted from his firing. This may later develop into a claim against the government.

2. In the future it is desired that major generals of your command be limited to two rounds for each mission—one sighting shot and one shot for record. No additional 30-caliber ammunition is authorized for further instruction of Gen. Collins. Any difficulty encountered in complying with the above will be overcome by reducing the range.

For the Commanding General:
(unofficial)
ALLISON J. BARNETT
Brigadier General, GSC
Chief of Staff.

Brig. Gen. Allison J. Barnett,
Headquarters USAFISPA
Dear Al,

It was just a question of old age, failing eyesight, and buck fever. When Bill McCulloch (Col. William A. McCulloch, Washington, D. C.) and I went over the field report right after our troops had taken the "Horse's Neck," we found my Jap pitched forward on his face alongside the lump of coral where I had spotted him with my glasses.

Imagine my chagrin when we examined him to find that only the last of my well-aimed shots had found a vital spot. A careful checkup revealed that the first round nicked his trigger finger and prevented his returning the fire. The second tore off his cartridge belt. The third grazed his left eyebrow and the fourth splashed dirt in his face. I must not have squeezed off the fifth because it only bit off a chunk of coral close to his head. The sixth was also a trifle wild but did carry away the big toe of his right foot. By this time my buck fever had evidently calmed down for the seventh shot tore off an ear. And then, believe it or not, the eighth round, a silver bullet which I had been carrying for some time for just such an occasion, plunked him squarely between the eyes.

Just about that time in the action, a burst of Jap machine-gun fire splashed around us. . . . When I came to, I found that I had lowered the level of the fox hole I was in by a full seven feet.

Sincerely yours,
JOE COLLINS

HEADQUARTERS USAFISPA
Informal Action Sheet

FROM: Chief of Staff.
TO: Commanding General.
REMARKS: Do not consider explanation satisfactory. Recommend no change in policy limiting major generals in South Pacific Area to two rounds per Jap.
"A.J.B."
(Allison J. Barnett)

FROM: Commanding General.
TO Chief of Staff.
REMARKS: Pas bon! Explanation based on circumstantial evidence. Policy on major general stands. How are my brigadiers with M1 rifles?
"H."
(Millard F. Harmon)

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Sketches on these pages were made at Guadalcanal by Sgt. Howard Brodie, YANK Staff Artist. This one shows Pfc. Frank R. Boddy of Chicago covering a draw below "Bullet Junction," a slope on Mount Austin.

"C" Company at KOKUMBONA

Those last days of Jap resistance at Guadalcanal gave the infantrymen something to talk about. Here's how it seemed to the soldiers in a leading assault company who captured a vital enemy beachhead after 15 days of fierce jungle war.

By Sgt. MACK MORRISS
YANK Staff Correspondent

GUADALCANAL—There wasn't much left of Kokumbona that day back in January when the point of the assault company—C Company—broke through the jungles and emerged on the shell-torn beach that had once been the Japanese core of battle.

At Kokumbona, C Company stopped to draw its first deep breath after 15 days of swift advance and sharp, fierce jungle combat. The spearhead of the attack had earned its rest and had been relieved. Reserve units and Marines took over and pushed on past the Poha River, while C Company and the rest of its battalion sat down in the muck to refight the battle and wait for trucks that would take them to the rear.

Infantrymen sprawled around in groups that afternoon, gulping field rations and talking it up. They were a weary outfit of muddied, ragged men, but cocky as a bunch of school kids. They had done their job and were proud of it. They had taken Kokumbona the hard way.

"We came down the ravines almost all the way," Dick Reese of Denver, Colo., said. "Through that stuff you cut your way and you get hit by whatever you happen to run into. We got mostly machine guns and knee mortars, but the snipers didn't bother us much."

"Yeah," said a buddy beside him. "There were plenty of snipers, but y' know—them damn guys couldn't hit a bull on the back with a shovel full of sand."

The infantry talked with the air of men who know. Snipers on Guadalcanal were a problem until the men learned to pay no attention to them and go on, leaving the clean-up to people detailed for the job.

"We came down on 'em so quick they didn't know what it was all about sometimes," Reese said. "Cpl. Howard got three artillery officers; the guys probably never knew what hit 'em."

Laverne Howard of West Edmeston, N. Y., turned a bearded face when he heard his name.

"Yeah, it was pretty simple," he said. "We were coming down a trail and saw this Jap in front of us. He ducked off down a side trail and we followed him to a dugout; there was some Jap wire leading to it.

"I deployed the squad and we went after him. I couldn't tell whether there was just one Jap or how many, but I figured a grenade would fix

Litter bearers at work on a jungle trail near the Guadalcanal front.

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it up either way. We found the three officers in that dug-out like Dick said."

Cpl. Johnny Risk of Toledo, Ohio, was carting around a Samurai sword.

"Me and another boy spotted these two Japs —looked like they weren't armed. We told 'em to halt, but when they heard us one of 'em flashed his sword. Sort of hated to shoot 'em, but we had to, the way those babies are. Pay-off was—we had to bury 'em."

The line soldiers swapped their stories, occasionally gilding the lily:

"Had one boy in the outfit, forget his name, jumped a Jap right over there and chased him half a mile. When he finally caught him, he whipped hell outta that Jap and drug him in."

The Infantry laughed, because it's the soldier's privilege to stretch a good story now and then. Just as, when the trucks were late and chow was done, it was their privilege to lie amid the wreckage of a Japanese central headquarters and mutter, "Hurry up and then sit around and wait —that's just like the Army."

Along the road a stream of traffic passed—ammunition and supplies to the advance positions, souvenir-laden men returning. A truck went by with a stretcher, and a man lay quietly with a blood-soaked bandage on his face. A bullet had torn through his jaw. Up ahead sounds of fighting—mortar blasts and machine guns—rippled out of the jungle.

CO Is a Soldier's Soldier

Talk switched to the CO. "Talk about a man—there's a guy who was right up front the whole time. What a guy he is. Knocked off a couple of machine-gun nests himself, buddy, and that ain't hay."

"He's the kind of an officer a man likes to have around. He was always up front, at the business end."

Capt. Orloff Bowen of San Antonio, Tex., CO of the first outfit into Kokumbona, stood out of hearing distance, 50 feet away. Heat-flushed and as dirty as any private of the line, he was absorbed in reading a mimeographed news report.

Pvt. Orville Cox of New Richmond, Ohio, showed them all how courage looks. A draftee with only nine months service, Orville was a conscientious objector as a medico. His religion forbade him to kill.

At the hottest spot C Company hit, Orville went 350 yards up the face of a hill under heavy fire to bring out two wounded men. It took him two hours to get them out, but he brought them back to safety.

"When I went in I said I was willin' to do first aid," the 29-year-old private said, "but I wasn't aimin' to help kill."

Big-boned and blond, Orville won't touch a rifle. His battalion commander recommended him for decoration.

And if Pvt. Orville Cox showed 'em nerve, Pvt. Sam Russell of Camp Verek, Ariz., showed the Japs something about jungle work.

Strings Line That Saves Outfit

Sam, a burly, squat-built Apache Indian, was a line-stringer in headquarters. During the advance, a platoon was pinned down under fire without any communication back to the rear. It was plain that the men up there were in trouble, but a line had to go through.

Sam was ordered to take it up, but when the order was given nobody knew the platoon was surrounded and cut off. Sam found out.

He worked his way through the Jap encirclement, dragged the line into the middle of the outfit, set up the power phone and tested. With that phone the platoon leader contacted Artillery, spotted the fire for them and directed their big stuff that blasted the Japs loose. The platoon fought on through.

Sam, who was recommended for saving an outfit from probable heavy losses and possible annihilation, didn't think much about it.

"I just ran a piece and crawled a piece," he said.

The pioneer outfit doubled in brass. The pick-and-shovel boys went with the assault company, cutting trails, carrying up supplies, doing yeomen labor with their hands and infantry work with their rifles.

"We had two squads with the point and one with the flanking company," Cpl. Frank Hutchinson of Hartsville, S. C., explained. "This is the worst kind of country there is, but we cut the trail through until we got almost to Kokumbona.

"Then those Wolfhounds advanced so fast we couldn't keep up with 'em (Wolfhound is the nickname of the outfit). When we cut into the main trail we went back and started carrying up supplies.

"After that my squad was on a holding party, guarding the wiremen, and we ran into a little trouble there. Wasn't much, but we like to have run into an ambush. We fought out of that and then went back to pioneerin'."

The supply problem during the advance was a hand-to-mouth affair. Through the jungle, at the rate of advance, the trails were narrow, one-at-a-time paths hacked by the pioneers out of live vines and rooty, heavy-bodied tropical trees. Over these were brought the ammunition and supplies that kept the outfit going; soldiers packed everything on their backs. There was no other way.

Two days after Kokumbona passed into the hands of the Army and shattered Jap units were still being hurled back toward the Poha and beyond, the main supply road along the beach was opened. During the first two days, landing barges skirted the coast and slid through long-range machine-gun fire to the strip of sand where the Japs had long landed their own troops and supplies.

A 3,000-gallon water-purification unit was brought up and set in operation within 45 minutes, pumping clear pure water for the sweating infantrymen who filed by and gathered in clusters around a nozzle to fill their empty canteens.

The beach road to Kokumbona, cleared of land mines and artillery-created obstructions, was the Jap artery of supply. It wound through an area of absolute desolation, past Jap field pieces, Jap equipment, Jap installations. . . .

And Japs themselves. The air was sickening with the heavy, pungent smell of death, and here and there along the road were things that were once men.

Natives bring up supplies to U. S. Army troops during the Mount Austin offensive.

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There Are Weaknesses in Jap Military Set-Up in Pacific

IMPORTANT conferences at Washington for the purpose of mapping out future action in the Pacific indicated to many military observers that an all-out offensive against the Nips might coincide with a big European invasion.

It is a sure bet that the top aides to Admiral Nimitz, commander in chief of the Pacific Fleet, Gen. MacArthur, commanding general of the Southwest Pacific, and Admiral Halsey, commander of the South Pacific area, were not in Washington to pass the time of day with the Joint Chiefs of Staff representing the Army, the Navy and the President.

Among the big guns in Washington to discuss what comes next in the Pacific were Lt. Gen. Emmons; Rear Admiral Raymond A. Spruance, Admiral Nimitz' righthand man; Lt. Gen. George C. Kenney, and Lt. Gen. Millard F. Harmon, Army commander in the South Pacific.

As these conferences proceeded to spell bad news for the Japs, events of military significance were occurring in the vast area of the Pacific and in Asia that were showing up the great weakness of Japan's military set-up.

Allied bombers sank seven Japanese warships and five merchantmen in the Solomons area, totalling 36,000 tons. The ships were carrying supplies to Rabaul.

The Navy reported that American submarines sank a Jap destroyer, a transport vessel and two freighters; damaged another destroyer and two freighters, one of which sank. This brought the submarine toll of enemy vessels to 207.

The great Jap base at Rabaul continued to receive the pounding from the air it has been getting in recent weeks. Gasmata and shore installations on New Britain were blasted, as were Jap strongholds on the north coast of New Guinea. Allied bombers also carried devastating raids into the Dutch New Guinea area, and northwest of Australia, where the Japs are trying to concentrate troops and reinforcements.

In all these engagements not one Allied plane was lost, so effectively were the enemy planes tied down.

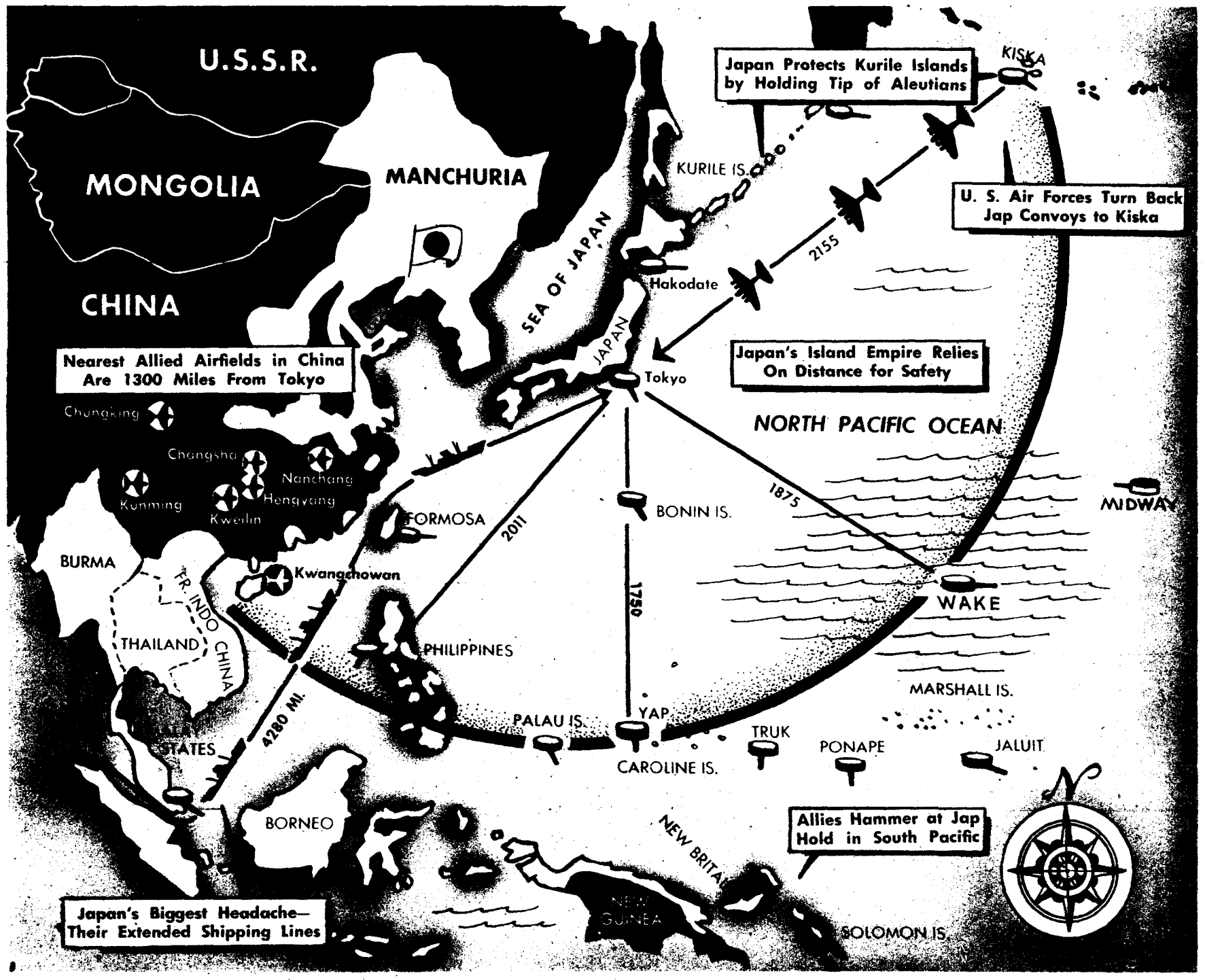
In the Aleutians, American bombers blasted Jap-held Kiska, Attu and Agattu. They raided Kiska 38 times in one month.

There was a purpose in this widespread activity. Japan's greatest weapon in this war is distance. When she pushed into China she eliminated the possibility of immediate attack on the island empire from the Asiatic continent. She grabbed the tip of the Aleutians to protect the vulnerable Kurile Islands, stepping stones to Tokyo; she pushed into the Southwest Pacific to keep the Allies busy on a front thousands of miles away.

Japan hoped to take advantage of this distance by quickly utilizing the natural resources of the conquered countries: Burma, Malay, the Netherlands Indies and the Philippines. But unfortunately for Japan, this strategy exposed a great weakness—extended shipping lines.

Japanese vessels must go all the way around the Malayan Peninsula to bring back the material she needs to convert to her war effort. To maintain her outposts in the Aleutians, she must ship supplies a distance of over 2,000 miles.

This situation is becoming a desperate one for the Nips. Japan's shipbuilding program cannot keep up with her losses. As the Army and Navy continue to pound away in the Southwest Pacific, they bring Allied air and submarine bases closer to Japan's shipping lines. American airbases in China, while too far away from Tokyo to attempt bombing raids on the Islands, are in excellent position to blast the Nips' shipping lines which must go through the Straits of Formosa. American bombers in the Aleutians have been successful in keeping Jap convoys away from Kiska, Attu and Agattu. Once the enemy is out of these islands, the way will be clear to the Kuriles and on into Tokyo.



STRATEGY OF JAPAN *in establishing the security of her island empire is shown in the map above. She built an arc of sea power from the north to the Southwest Pacific and pushed into China to prevent her enemies from establishing air bases within bombing distance of Tokyo. However, Japan extended her shipping lines to a dangerous degree. Allied air and submarine bases pushing into the southwest can menace the Nip merchantmen sailing around the Malayan Peninsula. Jap shipping lines passing through the Straits of Formosa are easy prey to U. S. planes based at Changsha, Hengyang, Kweilin, Kunming and Chungking. Japs have air base at Kwangchowan. In the north the Jap toehold in the Aleutians is the only outpost protection for the Japs' Kurile Islands.*

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YANK
THE ARMY WEEKLY
VOL. 1, NO. 44
APR. 23, 1943
By the men . . for the men in the service

The Old Man's Got Enough Trouble

MAYBE the APO regulation which requires a person to get written permission from a commanding officer before mailing a package to a soldier overseas is okay in theory. The theory is to keep unnecessary and undesirable packages from cluttering up valuable shipping space.

That is the theory, but how does it actually work out in practice?

Take the case of an infantryman named Smith who is leaning up against a tree somewhere in New Guinea wondering whether the chow will be any different today. He knows it won't and then he thinks of the meals he used to eat in the kitchen back in Elkton, Ind.

"Say," he says to the corporal sitting next to him. "Remember that fruit cake my mother use to send me? Maybe I will write a letter and ask her to send some more of it."

"Oh, no, you won't," says the corporal. "Unless you see the Old Man first and get him to put it in writing."

"Cut it out."

"I ain't kidding," says the corporal. "That's the regulation."

"Listen," says Smith. "The Old Man's got enough trouble now without me asking him to put it in writing that I want my mother to send me some fruit cake. Wouldn't I look cute even mentioning the word fruit cake to him at a time like this?"

"Don't get sore," says the corporal. "I'm just telling you—that's the regulation."

"Well, then, we don't get no fruit cake. Regulation or no regulation, I ain't gonna make myself a jackass asking the Old Man a thing like that."

It's the same way all over the world. A package from home is a big thing in a soldier's life, but it's not the kind of a thing he wants to discuss with his commanding officer.

That's why we are asking the Army Postal Service to eliminate the need of a CO's endorsement on a package that somebody at home wants to send to a soldier overseas. Let the soldier's own request be sufficient evidence for the postmaster and put him on his honor not to ask for stuff that he can get in his overseas area.

Given a fair trial, this system would work. And Smith in New Guinea and a lot of other guys in Tunisia, Iran, Alaska and Trinidad would certainly appreciate it.

STRICTLY G.I.

Army Rations, 1775-1943

THE QMC has issued a release showing the daily food rations GIs have been getting in every American war from the Revolution to the present conflict. In the Revolutionary War and the War of 1812, rations were issued uncooked. To compensate for being his own KP and cook, the colonial soldier received a quart of spruce beer a day and the 1812 EM a gill of rum. During the Civil War rations were not always available, and the Union soldiers lived by foraging upon the surrounding country. Overseas rations in the first World War included a half-pound of candy every 10 days and four cigarettes a day. The most consistent ration item has been meat. The colonials got 16 ounces, but after that it was 20 ounces for every man until the present war, when it dropped to 18 ounces. Today's GI gets the most varied rations, and believe it or not, the best cooked. Candles were part of the daily ration in every war except the present one.

Anti-Mosquito Gun

Good news for mosquito swatters. The QMC has come through with a new insecticide in pressure spray containers holding about one pound. Ten seconds of spraying will clear all mosquitos and other annoying or disease-bearing bugs out of a pyramidal tent, and three seconds is enough for a pup tent. One container of the new stuff is as lethal for bugs as a gallon of old-style liquid insecticide. Now being supplied overseas, it is made from freon, sesame oil and pyrethrum.

GI Allotments

By mid-March the Army had shelled out $674,175,621 to soldiers' dependents and others receiving allotted portions of Army pay. The Office of Dependency Benefits, which handles these payments, mails out almost 3,000,000 allotment checks a month. The ODB has its Dorothy Dix problems, too, as in the case of the soldier who wanted his allowance sent to his girl friend instead of his wife, and the wife who wrote she didn't need the money but could the Army please send her three dozen safety pins because she was going to have a baby.

GI Shop Talk

Army Ordnance announces the WAAC-Cycle, a light-weight, streamlined bike—for WAACs of course. . . . Flying Fortress crews in England make ice cream on bombing trips. The mixture is placed in a large can and anchored to the rear gunner's compartment. By the time they get back the ice cream is ready to serve. . . . The QMC has purchased 750,000 pairs of dice to be issued to ivory-rolling GIs "for morale purposes."

V-MAIL MADE ROOM FOR THIS

Items That Require No Editorial Comment

Spreading Nazi Culture

The following is taken from "Crusader," the weekly paper of the British Eighth Army, and is a document captured from the 15th German Police Regiment concerning actions in Russia.

"On Sept. 21st we received orders to deal with the village of Borki. Two platoons were detailed for this task, which was performed according to the scheduled programme.

"The only difficulty which confronted me was that the village, although shown on the map as a single group of houses, actually was spread over an area of 6-7 sq. kms. This fact came to my notice at dawn, with the start of the operation. Owing to this, the units had to be spread along a line, taking the village in a pincer movement.

"The inhabitants were told to assemble together at a specified spot. Not knowing what was to happen they showed no resistance at all, thus requiring but a few sentries to guard them. Two men who subsequently attempted to escape were immediately shot.

"The executions began at 9 o'clock in the morning and were finished by 6 o'clock in the evening. Out of the 809 inhabitants, only 104 were left alive. The executions proceeded smoothly. The confiscation of property was effected in accordance with the plan.

"The figures of persons executed are as follows: 705 shot, comprising 203 men, 372 women, 130 children."

That Sinking Feeling

The sympathetic reaction of Maj. Gen. Kenryo Sato of the Japanese Army to the wholesale sinking of the Nip fleet in the Bismarck Sea: "On looking at this situation there comes to me a certain miserable feeling."

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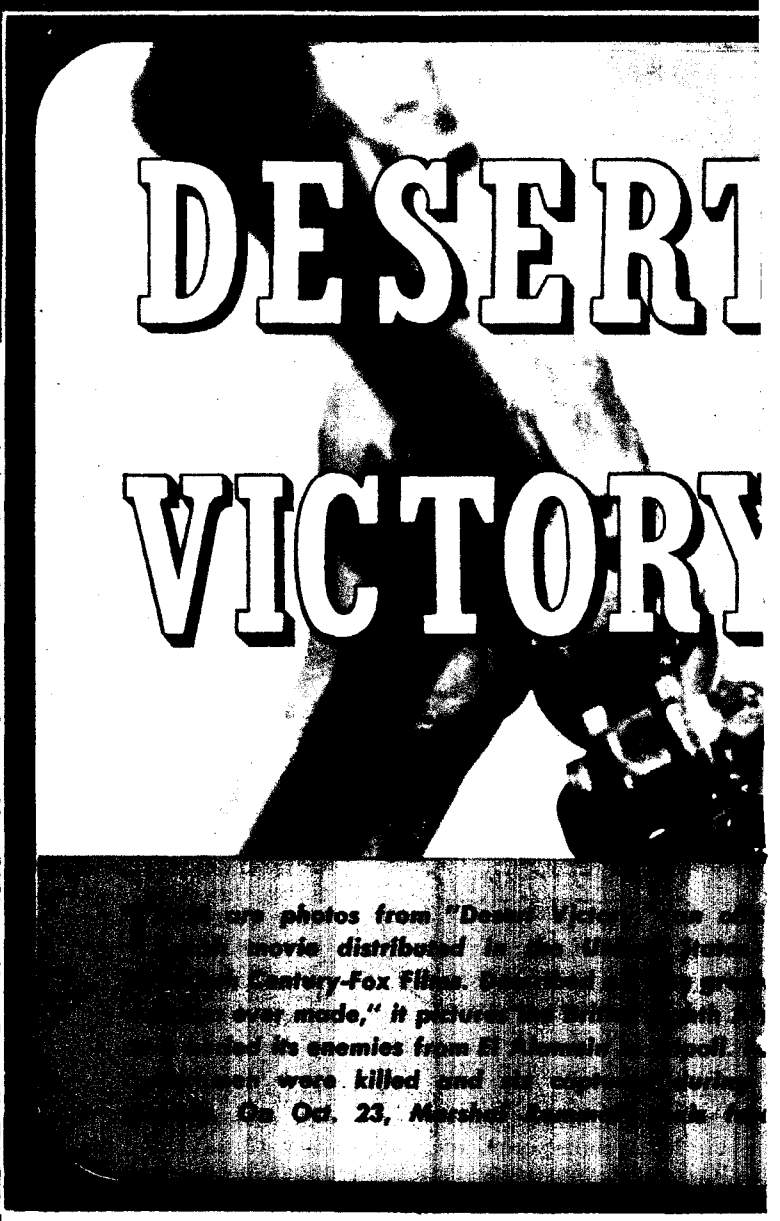
TWO GERMANS ARE ROUNDED UP

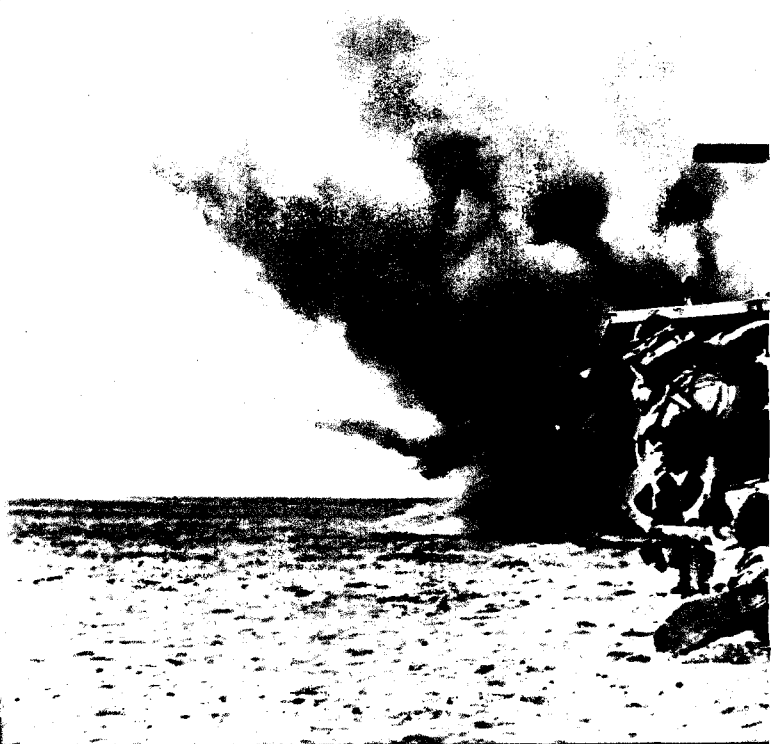
BRITISH 25 POUNDERS FIRING IN NIGHT BARRAGE.

INFANTRYMEN FIRE BEHIND WRECKED TRUCK.

UNCOVERING ENEMY BOOBY TRAP.



SOLDIERS HOLD ADVANCED DESERT POSITION AS ENEMY TANKS BURN IN BACKGROUND.



AS SHELL LANDS CLOSE BY, BRITISH INFANTRYMEN TAKE

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A SURPRISE RAID AS ROMMEL RETREATS.

MEN OF A BRITISH "HOME COUNTIES" REGIMENT FIRE THEIR MACHINE GUN UP FRONT.

ON THE FIRST DAY OF THE OFFENSIVE INFANTRYMEN CAPTURE A NAZI STRONG POINT.

waited at the edge of Cairo and the Suez. That evening Lt. Gen. Montgomery's men started their offensive with a shattering barrage. By Jan. 23 they had reached Tripoli, some 1,235 miles away, with Rommel still retreating. It was one of the longest retreats in history. The men of the Eighth Army fought no easy victory; they proved great soldiers, with great commanders.

ER BEHIND A WRECKED GERMAN TANK.

MEDICAL MEN ATTEND A WOUNDED SOLDIER WHILE HIS MATES KEE[illegible]KING THROUGH DUST

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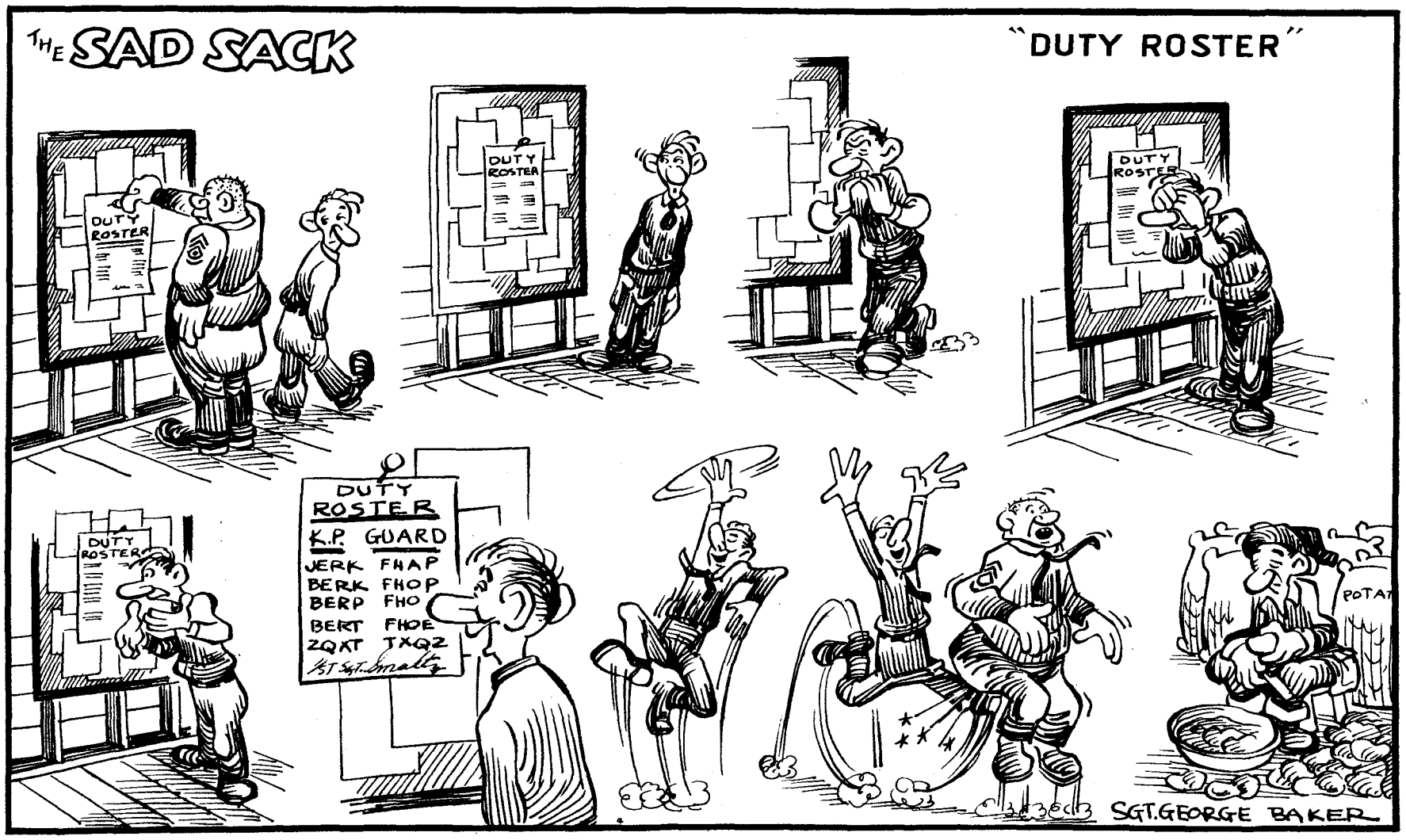

THE MARCH OF SNOWSHOE SAM

You've heard of the ride of Paul Revere,
The ride that Americans still hold dear.
That a great ride it was we know of course,
Yet most of the work was done by the horse.
But the trek I'll tell, of a powerful man,
Was the famous march of Snowshoe Sam.

Now this was up in the arctic snow,
Where men perspire in 40 below.
So as not to go bushed or rum-dum-dum,
They drank of 32-overproof rum,
And that my friend, if you've never tried,
Is stuff to keep your eyeballs fried.

You may have drunk cognac, vodka or gin,
Okulehau, tequila or strong brandywine,
Scotch, bourbon, rye or corn from the South,
Or some drink that lifted the roof of your mouth.
Compared with this rum, for blowing your top,
They all are as mild as strawberry pop.

As the men sat there silent, in the little tin hut,
Their minds seemed to groove the same homesick rut.
They all slowly sipped the hot buttered booze,
While the radio blasted the 10 o'clock news,
When out of the speaker, like a bolt from the sky,
This terrible news smacked them all in the eye.

Two weeks from the day of this stark tragic night,
All surplus hard liquor would be sewed up tight;
The ration per month would be one quart, no more;
Pandemonium broke, they screamed, they swore:
"We'll be damned, who can live in this perpetual freeze,
Who in hell can keep warm on just beer and no shes?"

Then the sergeant spoke up to quiet the din.
"There is just one way out of the fix we are in.
It's 500 miles to where we get rum;
G-2 only knows when the next plane will come.
To try going by snowshoe who'll volunteer?
Who'll get the message through? Who has no fear?"

Every eye in the hut turned to look at one man—
The huge hulking frame they called Snowshoe Sam,
Then all seem to shout, as if in one voice,
"For the message to Garcia, there stands our choice.
He's the only one here who could make it in time,
Over so many miles, to beat the deadline."

Sam just swelled up with magnificent pride,
His expanding ribs nearly burst through his hide:
"Just fill up my pack, boys, I'll be off in a wink;
The quicker I get back the sooner we drink."
While they filled up his pack he strapped on his shoes
And then started out on the long trek for booze.

Three hundred hours later almost to the dot
He fell in the doorway of the place that he sought.
With weather-black face like a man straight from hell,
He moved not a muscle but lay where he fell.
Some hours later he finally came round;
The news of his feat spread all over town.

Next day 30 quarts lay snug in his pack,
He waved them good-bye and then started back.
His slow dogged pace seemed to eat up the miles,
He thought of the men who would meet him with smiles.
His burden grew heavy, his eyes seemed to dim,
His breath in his parka formed ice on his chin.

Two hundred miles later he sank with a groan,
His raw back felt broken, his legs made of stone.
He knew that unless he lightened his pack
He would never return to the iron-bound shack.
He knew they'd forgive him if he unburdened some,
So he opened a bottle and filled up on rum.

So onward he traveled, his spirits on high,
As each bottle emptied his lips breathed a sigh.
But one eye got frozen and shrank up quite small,
The other bugged out from rum alcohol.
And soon his eyes saw with so much of a bend
That he wandered in circles for days upon end.

In the old iron hut days grew into weeks
Ere the men lost their gloom, the tears from their cheeks.
And weeks grew to months and months into years
But still they conjectured while sipping their beers
As to what had become of the strong mighty man,
Famed through the Army—the great Snowshoe Sam.

Somewhere in the wildness of the long polar night,
There stands all alone the world's strangest sight.
For poor Sam stands frozen, his face to the stars,
His soul having flown to the northern lights' bars,
And Eskimos passing this figure so cold,
All bow down to worship this odd totem pole.

Eons must pass till the great northern floes
Melt with a future sun and tropic wind blows,
And some distant race the secret will find
Of the most famous trek since the dawn of mankind.
His tracks will burn scars on history, too,
As the world's only martyr to rum 32.

—Cpl. C. D. KRON

Canada

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WORDS ACROSS THE SEA

WHILE these GIs were resting up after a campaign on the Papuan front, New Guinea, they had this picture taken so their pals in the U. S. and overseas would know where they are. Look through the list and see if you recognize the dogface you bunked next to in basic training.

STANDING (left to right): Pvt. Kenneth Royal, Bryant, Ind.; Pvt. Frank Krulac, Wayland, Mich.; Pvt. James Stuart, Attica, Mich.; Pvt. Edward Thompson, Johnstown, Pa.; Pvt. James Kohl, Fruitland, Wash.; Pvt. William Thompson, La Peer, Mich.; Pvt. Paul Jahrig, Platsmouth, Nebr.; Pvt. Clyde McDougal, Hamtramck, Mich.; Pvt. Samuel Rehm, Eads, Colo.; Pvt. Robert Wilcox, Vinton, Iowa; Sgt. Ralph Abbott, La Peer; Pvt. Eugene Underwood, Anaheim, Calif.; Sgt. Monte Rudner, Detroit; Cpl. Thomas Thompson, West Frankfort, Ill., and Sgt. Lyle Morse, South Bend, Ind.

SEATED (left to right): Lt. Charles Kanapaux, Charleston, S. C.; Pvt. Allen Taylor, Fostoria, Ohio; Pvt. Glen Robertson, Elwood, Ind.; Pvt. Donald Stroup, Kokomo, Ind.; Cpl. Donald Stringer, Farnhamville, Iowa; Pvt. Onni Siimes, Rock, Mich.; Pvt. Albert Johnson, Lead Point, Wash.; Pvt. Dale Wakehouse, Pisgah, Iowa; Cpl. Eddie Eben, Rosenberg, Tex.; Pvt. Ferdinand Rochalski, Grand Rapids, Mich.; Cpl. Howard Dutcher, Sparta, Mich.; Sgt. Don Fitzgerald, Grand Rapids; Pvt. James Workman, Caddo, Okla.; Cpl. Teeman Ross, La Peer, Mich.; Cpl. Eugene Makynen, Spokane, Wash.; Sgt. Rosario Russo, Grand Rapids; Pvt. Clyde Leonard, Yelm, Wash.; Pvt. Glen Groth, Tyre, Mich.; Pvt. Clarence Wilkins, New Virginia, Iowa; Sgt. Anthony Mazzarelli, Grand Rapids; Pvt. John Nalepa, Cleveland, Ohio; Pvt. James Kelly, Walla Walla, Wash.; Sgt. Glen Follett, Traverse City, Mich.; Pvt. John Jalsevac, Cleveland, Ohio; Pvt. Kenneth Bondy, Boyne City, Mich.; Pvt. Joseph Freiburger, Grand Rapids; Pvt. John Sutter, North Branch, Mich.; Cpl. Ernest Richner, East Jordon, Mich.; Pvt. William Stover, Ottawa, Ohio, and Sgt. William Helenius, Cedar Springs, Mich.

KNEELING (left to right): Pvt. John Weiss, Fort Dodge, Iowa; Pvt. Paul Ostrom, Grand Rapids; Pvt. Ray Sullivan, Bloomington, Ind.; Pvt. Beryl Schoepf, Lorenzo, Tex.; Sgt. David Matchett, Charlevoix, Mich.; Pvt. Phillip Kerwin, Cleveland, Ohio; Pvt. Wayne Lowing, Grand Rapids; Pvt. Carlos Salcido, Nogales, Sonora; Sgt. Neil Thompson and Cpl. William Weldon, La Peer, Mich.; Sgt. Carlton Smith, Charlevoix; Sgt. Casey Vanos, Grand Rapids; Sgt. Oliver Hudson, Baker, Oreg.; Pvt. George Mosher, Pidgeon, Mich.; Sgt. Robert Heise, Charlevoix, and Sgt. Ralph Van Brunt, Grand Rapids.

S/Sgt. Joseph Burke, 2d Repair Sq., AABTC, Atlantic City, N. J., wants **Fighter Pilot John McGrail** to send his address so Burke can congratulate him for receiving his wings. . . . **T/4 James J. Michel** is paging **Joseph L. Neubert.** Neubert should write Michel at Btry I, 215th CA(AA), APO 937, PM, Seattle, Wash. . . . **Dick McAvoy** has returned to active duty and is endeavoring to contact his former buddies. Write him at Co. C, Academic Regt., Fort Benning, Ga. . . . **Cpl. Joe R. Deily,** overseas, sends his regards to **Sgt. Charles Chilton,** his old platoon sergeant at Fort Bragg, N. C. . . . **Sgt. Woody Sporn** wants **2d Lt. Gerry Milner,** QMC, N. Africa, to know he is still making the trip to Suffern along the Erie track. Sporn wants Milner to write him: USMC, Public Relations, 90 Church St., N. Y. C. . . . Will **S/Sgt. Bud Dick** write his old pal **Cpl. Don Mushrush,** 1023d Guard Sq., Napier Field, Ala.? . . . **Pvt. Walter Suchojad,** Co. A, 107th Med. Bn., APO 32, PM, San Francisco, wants mail from **James Lloyd S2c; Pvt. Bill Markle,** Marine Corps; and **Pvt. Marion Mengell.** . . . **T/3 Oscar W. Williams,** APO 8484, PM, Miami, Fla., puts in a call to his old college roommate **Walter Heartsill** last heard from two years ago at the Kelly Field, Tex. . . . **Lt. Carleton Riker,** Pioneer Dept. TDS, Camp Hood, Tex., wants to hear from **Arvid Johnson, Paul Dean, Rowe Howard,** and others from Co. F, 19th Engr., Pasadena, Calif. . . . **Sgt. Joseph E. Rocha,** Bakers and Cooks Sch., Camp Edwards, Mass., wants to get in touch with **1st Sgt. Charles Hutchins, Jr.,** who was first sergeant of Serv. Co., 33d Inf., Fort Clayton, Panama. . . . **Sgts. Patrick Hawkins** and **Clifford H. Hedgspeth,** 366 TSS (SP) Lowry No. 2, Colo., want to hear from Francis M. Owen S1c, and Louis Cundiff AC. . . . **Pvt. Len Herman** would like to know the whereabouts of **Pvt. Seymour Goldstein,** Newark, N. J., and **Pvt. Elmer Taylor,** Hillside, N. J. Herman's address: 802 TSS, Seymour Johnson Fld., N. C. . . . **Sgt. Milton Stone,** Co. D, 126th OMBS Regt., Staten Island, N. Y., wants to hear from **Floyd De Long** and **Elmer Smith,** formerly of Columbus, Ohio, and with him at Camp Lee last spring. . . . **Pfc. Mike Nocella,** Co. K, 14th Inf., APO 829, PM, New Orleans, La., wants mail from **Pvts. Frank Colliani** and **"Shorty" Dansuso,** England.

Dear YANK:

We boys in the Navy get as much enjoyment from your magazine as the Army boys. I am stationed on an island in the Southwest Pacific, and would like to hear from any of the boys in the service from Clarksburg, W. Va., and particularly Perk Bormans of the 2d Armd. Division, supposedly across seas somewhere. One suggestion, you can't lay it on too heavily in your sports section. All of the boys over here are particularly interested in sporting news of which we receive very little. We were three weeks finding out some of the bowl football scores.

—**J. NEILL SAPPINGTON SK3c**
Southwest Pacific

Dear YANK:

The art of bugling consists principally of puckering under pressure. Feminine disciples of osculation maintain they can spot a bugler every time. There will probably be enough alarm clocks to go around after the war, so as to kayo the possibility of a municipally operated bugler, but the past experience and practice evidently won't hamper my social relations.

Sometimes the bugler finds it necessary to practice on one bugle and go on duty with another. The results often give him a special title—not acceptable for publication. It's like getting flying instructions in a cub and soloing in a P-38. There are other problems too. Maybe I sleep with my mouth open and get a dried-beef mouth and a cottony tongue from migrating lint and dust. (I was on duty the night before too, so it ain't that morning-after condition.) Anyway, all I get is a piped whoosh of air.

To anyone anticipating a bugler's job for Uncle Sam—beware of the saboteurs. They delight in rehanging the bugle with the bell up. This makes an inviting ash tray. In the past week my bugle has coughed up at least a couple burned paper matches a day. Who says the job of the bugler is matchless?

—**Pvt. YNGUAR STENSKY**
Camp Hale, Colo.

Dear YANK:

The thought has occurred to me that only one important facility is lacking on Army posts. We can employ the services of the post tailor, barber, shoemaker, restaurant and post exchange, but if one of us should damage a timepiece, we must wait until we can secure a pass into the nearest community to take the watch to a jeweler. The Army would provide a valuable service by establishing some sort of watch-repair service on the various posts.

—**Pfc. JOHN T. BLOCK**
Hawaii

Dear YANK:

Your dice article was not only the best thing done for soldiers in 2,000 years of crap shooting, but was so hot it literally melted the dice in my part of camp. Before your article appeared we played craps all the time. A few of the boys had terrific luck, and this, plus the fact that hardly anyone knew the correct odds, enabled them to clean up. Since your article, a couple of these boys have tried to start a game, but by the time some of us got through examining the dice and testing them, we lost all our zest for playing.

—**Pvt. JAMES SARLES**
Camp Barkeley, Tex.

Dear YANK:

Taxes imposed upon enlisted men warrant immediate reform. A soldier's income is fixed by legislation. He does not enjoy freedom of enterprise. He does not enjoy civilian war wages and overtime money. Most of us who volunteered or were selected for service suffered a substantial economic and social loss by this change of status. Soldiers stand ready to sacrifice their lives to protect the property and freedom of the entire population. The additional compensation received by boys in combat zones is not commensurate with the added dangers involved. Any tax levied on soldiers for the privilege of this sacrifice is a gross miscarriage of moral justice.

—**Pvt. LOUIS MARSHAK**
Otis Field, Mass.

Dear YANK:

For a long time I've watched for every issue of YANK. I want to say you're doing a swell job. In fact YANK is about the only mag that doesn't try to peddle the dogface a lot of mush. Personally, I get a big kick out of your cartoons on OCS. I graduated from the AAF Administrative School in Miami in October, but don't kid yourself that I was any three-month corporal. I was in from 1931 to 1934, was recalled as a *private* in the Regular Army Reserve in February 1941, and have served as private, PFC, staff sergeant and first sergeant since my recall. Gentlemen, I consider it a great honor to have been an enlisted man. Keep YANK in the front rank—"By the men—for the men in the service."

—**2d Lt. RAILEY G. BOYDSTON**
Mather Field, Calif.

Dear YANK:

We, of the Central Defense Command, do not wish a citation because the mission of guarding the Soo locks has been successfully carried out by us. We want to point out that an ounce of prevention is worth a pound of cure. We claim we have prevented any damage to the locks. Just the same we would enjoy some blasting surgery operations to be performed on Axis-infected locations. We would take *any* case given us by Uncle Sam.

—**Pfc. WILLIAM NUNNENKAMP**
Fort Brady, Mich.

Dear YANK:

This is a snapshot of a tiger shark my friends and I caught here in the South Pacific. He was 9 feet 10 inches long and had 152 teeth. He did a lot of fighting until two .30-caliber slugs entered his big body. The equipment we used was a 6-inch shark hook and a 5-gallon oil can. The men are (left to right, standing) Pvt. Kenneth Beason of Missouri, Cpl. Woodrow Robertson, Pvt. J. B. Williams of Oregon, myself of San Francisco, (seated) Pvt. John Avaloz of Minnesota and Pvt. Earl Lawyler of New York.

Australia —**Pvt. JOHN SAXBY**

Dear YANK:

We have a group of boys in our regiment interested in the presentation of shows. We can use some material in the way of gags, black-out skits, patter for the emcee (myself) and comic, and a small minstrel show for seven or eight men. Who knows—maybe there is some enterprising producer, in or out of the service, who might read this.

—**Pfc. ALBERT E. SANDERS**
Alaska

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BOOKS IN WARTIME

IT'S A CINCH, PRIVATE FINCH

—By Sgts. Ralph Stein and Harry Brown

A blow-by-blow account of a rookie's training period, with script by Brown and full-page cartoons by Stein, both of YANK's staff. Written primer style with a sophisticated corn flavor, Pvt. Finch leans heavily on Stein's humor.

Soldiers who roar too heartily at the blunderings of yardbird Finch are likely to stop short in the middle of a belly laugh and ask themselves, "What the hell am I laughing at? That's me." The guy who doesn't read Pvt. Finch is missing a wonderful opportunity to get acquainted with himself. [Published by Whittlesey House.]

This is chow in the field.

HOW TO WIN THE PEACE

—By Carl J. Hambro

Mr. Hambro, once president of the League of Nations Assembly and of the Norwegian parliament, wastes more than half of this book retelling some twice-told tales of Germany's political, economic and philosophical build-up for war. Basis for a permanent peace, he believes, is a new League of Nations. He also wants: 1) A cooling-off period immediately following the end of aggression. 2) Armed policing by United Nations forces of territories involved in the war. 3) "Pre-peace" peace conferences to chart the road the peace shall follow. 4) Amicable re-establishment of national boundaries. 5) Creation of an International Mandates Commission to administer over-mandated territories abused by Japan. 6) Enforced arbitration of future disputes between nations. 7) Protection for smaller states in the new world order. [Published by J. B. Lippincott Co.]

BETWEEN THE THUNDER AND THE SUN

—By Vincent Sheean

Vincent Sheean's latest venture in history, a collection of eight long essays on international figures and events before the world fell apart, has little news value. It's interesting chiefly for the quality of its subjective reporting. A "socialist" (who hobnobbed with titled big shots and their bejewelled girl friends), Sheean writes bitterly about "the stupidity of the privileged orders" in pre-war Europe, gloomily about the fighting ability of wartime America.

On May 28, 1942, he took "the inevitable step" of joining forces "with those who prefer light to darkness, freedom to slavery," and enlisted as a major in the AAF. [Published by Random House.]

MAKE THIS THE LAST WAR

—By Michael Straight

GIs with the intellectual stamina to wade through Michael Straight's treatise on the kind of a world we should be fighting to make will agree heartily with its conclusions, but they will be bored by the book's hectic, dead-pan style. Author Straight, now an air cadet in the AAF, asks American soldiers to strive for progressive democracy not only at home, but all over the world. That makes sense. Then he winds up his book by asking them "When are you going to begin to fight?" The guys who could give that question the answer it deserves are too busy, of course, fighting. [Published by Harcourt Brace.]

MR. WINKLE GOES TO WAR

—By Theodore Pratt

This story of a middle-aged Private Hargrove does not paint a very accurate picture of life in the U. S. Army. Mr. Pratt's armed forces are composed almost entirely of clean-limbed young Americans who always pass up fancy ladies of the night for cracker eating, soda drinking and dates with clear-eyed young USO hostesses. The whole thing is enlivened by the actions of characters like Sgt. Czeudeskrowski, whose spoken banalities Mr. Pratt seems to consider little gems of homespun philosophy. It's the kind of a book about the Army the folks back home like to read, but there's really not much meat in this mulligan. [Published by Duell, Sloan and Pearce.]

PRESIDENTIAL REBUS

Each rebus puzzle below represents the last name of a former U. S. President. You'll find all the necessary clues in each picture. Let's see whether you can spot all six Presidential names. *(Solution on page 22.)*

COMPANY STREET

BROTHERS. Sgt. A. Wm. Goldberger, **Camp Mackall**, N. C., and Pvt. Dave Goldberger, AAF Training Center, **Miami Beach**, Fla., have the same serial numbers except for the second digit, are both assigned to Hq. & Hq. squadrons, were inducted on the 18th of the same month. . . . Seminole

Back row—S/Sgt. Francis, Cpl. Bill and S/Sgt. David Harjo. Front row—Sgt. Gene and Pfc. Mose Harjo.

Indian GIs at **Camp Pickett**, Va., are brothers S/Sgts. Francis and David Harjo. Also in the same outfit are cousins Sgt. Gene, Cpl. Bill and Pfc. Mose Harjo. Family slogan: "All for one and one for all.". . . Pvts. Ole and Esten Landsgaard, **Camp Chaffee**, Ark., registered in the same draft, on the same day at the same center at Des Moines, Iowa. They were shipped to Camp Dodge, Iowa, got seven-day furloughs, and were transferred to Camp Chaffee all on identical days. At Chaffee they were assigned adjoining bunks. And there they met for the first time since induction.

LETTERS. "Don't send me nagging letters," wrote Cpl. Woodrow Hansen, **Camp Wolters**, Tex., to his wife. "I want to fight this war in peace." . . . Pfc. James Ganz, AAF in **North Africa**, wrote his wife, "Boy, I wish I was home with you," then added, "I hope the censor doesn't mind my writing this." P. S. by censor: "The censor wishes he was home too.". . . Pvt. G. C.., base unknown, wrote to the Russian War Relief, New York: "Enclosed is $18 I won in a crap game. Here's to victory and more crap games."

NAMES. Came St. Patrick's Day at a **North Ireland** base, and Pvts. Knudson, Goldberg, Ardo, and Borowsky stepped out of their barracks wearing the green. That night they joined in drowning the shamrock in Irish whisky. Said Pvt. Ardo, "We'll all become Paddy Murphys on this day. We will an' bejabbers." . . . Pvts. Rosebud Pugh, Oscar Birdsong, Bear Heart and Ferman Sweetapple are yardbirds at **Camp Wheeler**,, Ga. . . . Into the dental clinic at **Hamilton Field**, Calif., the other day walked T/Sgt. Floyd Payne, Cpl. Charles Hurt and Cpl. W. K. Harms.

TRAVEL. Cpl. H. H. Hatmaker and Sgt. R. L. Cummings, QMC, left Dutch Harbor in June 1942, stopped at Camp Lee, Va., for a couple of meals, and were at a Middle East post within three months. They claim a GI record for seeing the world.

WORD STAGGERS

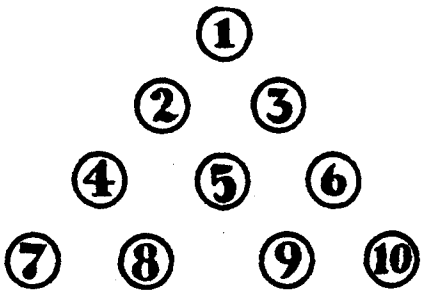
HERE'S a little vocabulary game. We give you two letters out of each word, and its definition — you complete the word by filling in the missing letters. You should get 9 out of 9.

1. C _ _ _ _ R . . . *He oversees overseas mail.*
2. _ C _ _ R _ . . . *Rubs hard so as to clean.*
3. _ _ C R _ _ . . . *Holy, consecrated.*
4. _ C _ _ R _ . . . *Happens.*
5. C _ _ _ _ R . . . *One who takes prisoner.*
6. _ C _ _ R _ . . . *To scamper hurriedly.*
7. _ _ C R _ _ . . . *Hidden from others.*
8. _ C _ _ R _ . . . *Stage or screen performers.*
9. C _ _ _ _ R . . . *The noblest Roman of them all.*

(Solution on page 22.)

HERE'S A NEW ANGLE

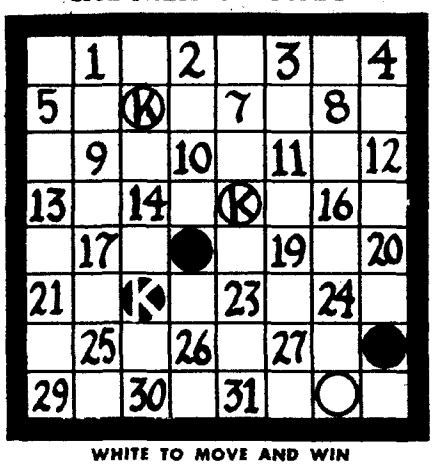
Here's a little coin-shifting problem that's a fooler. Lay out 10 pennies to form a triangle as shown below. Then challenge anyone to reverse the triangle so that it points down instead of up—by moving only three pennies. It can be done. We have numbered the coins in the diagram so you can follow the solution on page 22.



Dona Drake

The petite bit of femininity smiling at you from the page over there at the left is not only that pretty, but an expert dancer and singer as well. Her next picture is Paramount's "Salute for Three."

CHECKER STRATEGY



WHITE TO MOVE AND WIN

Strange as it seems, White can force a clean-cut win in the above position. There is just one narrow path to the win. The key move is not a very logical appearing one, until you look ahead and see the outcome. With that hint you should be able to figure it out. Then check your result with the solution given on page 22. But first number the playing squares of your board from 1 to 32 as shown, enabling you to follow the moves in our solution.

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Bill Smith (with glasses) and mates arrive at camp.

Just as you did, Bill gets his load of equipment.

A pfc. already! Here 56-year-old Bill stands retreat.

Detroit War Worker Tastes Army Life

By Cpl. H. N. OLIPHANT
YANK Staff Writer

CAMP ATTERBURY, IND.—Bill Smith, war worker, is back at his job in a Detroit war plant after a three-day hitch in the Army.

Bill, who is a mild, gray-haired fellow of 56 and hence not quite the type to undergo the assorted rigors and punishments of modern Ranger training in the 83d Division, figured the three days were enough. He got the idea, he said.

So did the approximately 300 other key U. S. war workers, most of them from Detroit big-arms factories, who along with Bill reported at Camp Atterbury at the invitation of the War Department to find out what life in the Army is really like.

BILL SMITH

Assigned one or two to a company and dressed in fatigues, they hiked, studied hand-to-hand combat, did extended order drill, learned squad formations, fired small-arm weapons including light and heavy machine guns, and even tried to run Atterbury's "Blitz" or obstacle course.

At the outset, the plan of temporarily attaching 300 labor leaders to a first-rate combat division sounded pretty screwy, like a publicity stunt.

But it didn't turn out that way.

Things got underway in typical GI fashion. The special train pulled into the Atterbury siding around dusk. Like any fresh batch of bewildered inductees, the workers were craning their necks and gawking out of the Pullman windows.

The workers were taken to the HQ mess hall where they got their first taste of army chow. When they had finished, a detail of mess sergeants stood by to see that they scraped their plates into the can marked "edible garbage."

Next they were taken to a post theater for an official welcome by Col. Robert A. Ginsbergh, representing the War Department, who told them: "We brought you here to a fighting division in the field in order that you may see how the equipment you make is used. You will get a more intimate understanding of the value and importance of the equipment to the soldier."

Then the workers were assigned to their respective units. Bill drew the medics. After that they were marched down to the warehouse where they got a superficial physical (the sawbones took a quick look at their throats) and where they were processed (a tough supply sergeant threw fatigues at them in the approved gruff manner). The only thing they didn't get was shots, which Bill said was all right with him.

Back at the barracks, the workers stood perplexedly by while noncoms explained how to make up a bed the army way. Bill Smith couldn't quite master the Red Cross corner, so S/Sgt. Frank Young, a former oil-field worker from Chickasha, Okla., made up the bunk for him.

At first call, the sergeant's whistle cut like a knife through the soft velvet of Bill's slumber. From that moment until his hitch was over Bill didn't have much leisure. He marched, helped pitch tents and trudged wearily through the mud with a litter team carrying a "casualty." He learned how to put on a leg splint. He got two fat blisters digging a fox hole.

With the other workers on the firing range, Bill practiced sighting a while, then fired an M1 for record. The first and second shots brought him Maggie's drawers. But on the third Bill managed to hit just within the outer circle. On the fourth, he got a 4, which drew admiring cheers from his by now good friends, the medics.

Sgt. Young clapped him on the shoulder. "Pop," he said, "I'll make a commando out of you yet."

Bill smiled, pointed to his gray head. "This hair ain't blond, you know."

Then the 83d staged a sham battle for the workers. Tanks, heavy artillery, everything but aircraft. As the "battle" progressed officers explained over loud speakers the various tactics and maneuvers employed. The workers watched, their mouths and eyes wide open.

"It's the most amazing thing I ever saw," Bill Smith said.

Finally came a night problem, which included movement from a battalion bivouac area into a battalion assembly under blackout conditions.

When the three days ended Bill said good-bye to Sgt. Young and the members of the medical unit to which he had been attached.

"I—I wish you the best of luck," he said simply, "the best of luck. I know a little more about what you fellows have to go through now, and I know now more than ever that you deserve the best equipment that skill and sweat can produce. It's up to us guys to see that you get it and plenty of it. We'll do it."

As Bill waved from the train window, Sgt. Young turned to a young pfc. near him and said, "You know, it's a funny thing. I always thought a labor leader was a guy with a crooked nose who went around beating up people."

In the field he finds out about the litter-bearer.

And learns what and how an American soldier eats.

A fox hole represents many shovels full of work.

He fires M1 under coaching of Sgt. Don Hickman.

PHOTO CREDITS: Cover, Cpl. Ben Schnall. 2 & 3, PA. 4, INP. 5, Antilles Air Task Force. 6, Sgt. Bob Ghio. 7, U. S. Army Signal Corps. 12 & 13, Official British Photos. 15, Robert J. Doyle, Milwaukee Journal-Detroit News. 16, Paramount Pictures. 17, Signal Corps. 18, Cpl. Schnall. 20, left, Acme; right, Wide World. 21, left, INP; right, Acme. 23, PA.

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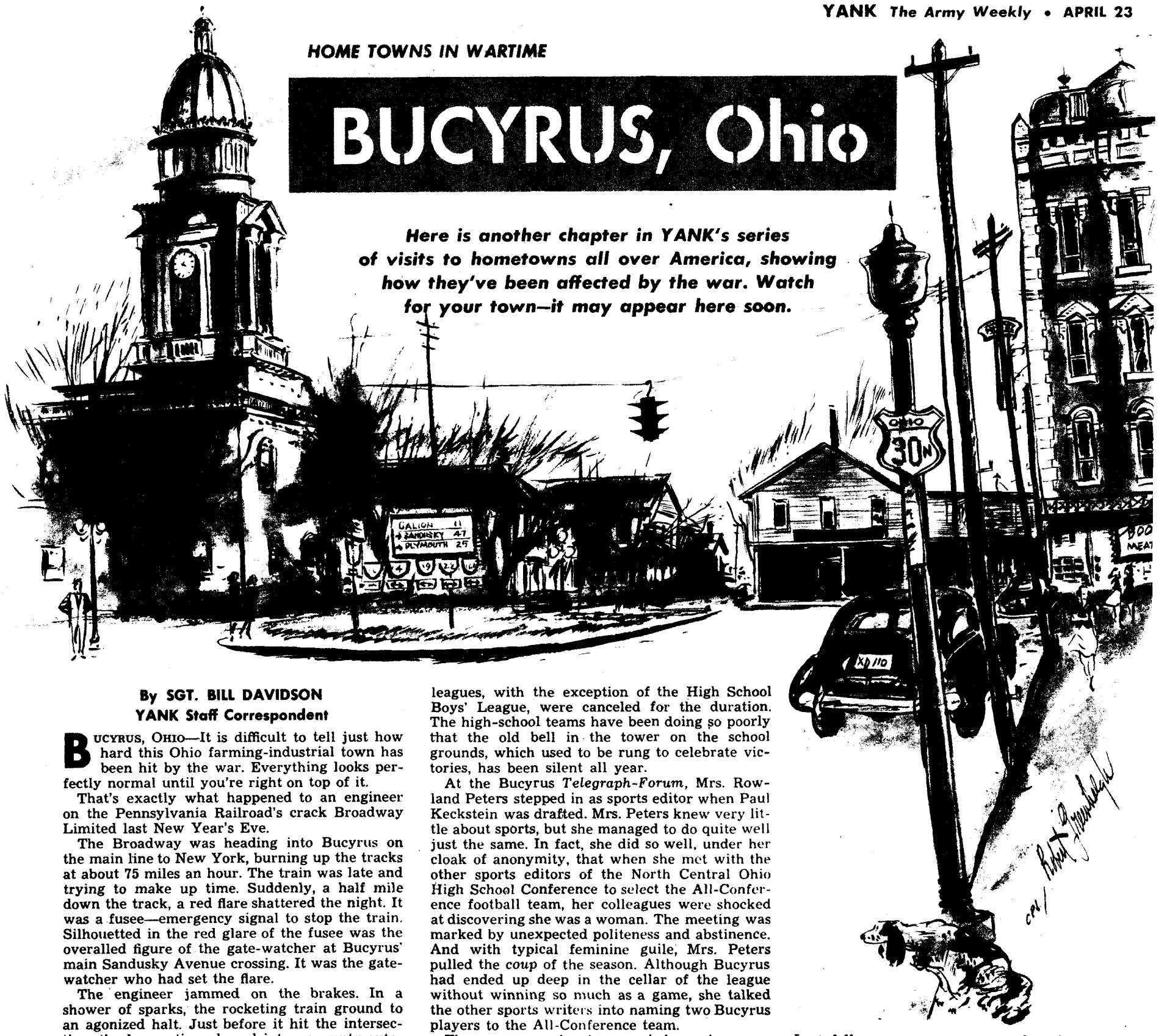
HOME TOWNS IN WARTIME

BUCYRUS, Ohio

Here is another chapter in YANK's series of visits to hometowns all over America, showing how they've been affected by the war. Watch for your town—it may appear here soon.



By SGT. BILL DAVIDSON
YANK Staff Correspondent

BUCYRUS, OHIO—It is difficult to tell just how hard this Ohio farming-industrial town has been hit by the war. Everything looks perfectly normal until you're right on top of it.

That's exactly what happened to an engineer on the Pennsylvania Railroad's crack Broadway Limited last New Year's Eve.

The Broadway was heading into Bucyrus on the main line to New York, burning up the tracks at about 75 miles an hour. The train was late and trying to make up time. Suddenly, a half mile down the track, a red flare shattered the night. It was a fusee—emergency signal to stop the train. Silhouetted in the red glare of the fusee was the overalled figure of the gate-watcher at Bucyrus' main Sandusky Avenue crossing. It was the gate-watcher who had set the flare.

The engineer jammed on the brakes. In a shower of sparks, the rocketing train ground to an agonized halt. Just before it hit the intersection, the locomotive plowed into an empty automobile stalled on the tracks. The car easily could have derailed the Broadway and cost perhaps hundreds of lives—if the train had not been flagged.

The engineer dropped from the cab and walked toward the gate-watcher, cursing a blue streak. Then suddenly the engineer turned red and fidgeted uneasily with his gloves. "I beg your pardon, ma'am," he said. The gate-watcher who had saved the Broadway was a woman.

Women Doing Well in Men's Jobs

This is a perfect example of how the loss of 600 men to the armed forces has affected the life of the town. The manpower shortage has the women doing hitherto undreamed-of things in an attempt to maintain things on something resembling a normal level. The female gate-watcher, the first in Bucyrus history, is Arlean Ratz, a 27-year-old blond, whose husband was killed in an accident. She controls signals, and raises and lowers the heavy street gates by hand, on an average of 50 times during her eight-hour shift.

Women have taken over all the window-dressing jobs in the shops on South Sandusky Avenue. Out at the swimming pool in Aumiller Park, they had a female lifeguard last year—Betty Fegley, who proved surprisingly effective, saving at least one young boy from drowning. This summer, all four of the guards will be girls. Women were called in to fill the ranks of the teams in the *Men's* Bowling League at the bowling alleys on East Mary Street. All the amateur baseball leagues, with the exception of the High School Boys' League, were canceled for the duration. The high-school teams have been doing so poorly that the old bell in the tower on the school grounds, which used to be rung to celebrate victories, has been silent all year.

At the Bucyrus *Telegraph-Forum*, Mrs. Rowland Peters stepped in as sports editor when Paul Keckstein was drafted. Mrs. Peters knew very little about sports, but she managed to do quite well just the same. In fact, she did so well, under her cloak of anonymity, that when she met with the other sports editors of the North Central Ohio High School Conference to select the All-Conference football team, her colleagues were shocked at discovering she was a woman. The meeting was marked by unexpected politeness and abstinence. And with typical feminine guile, Mrs. Peters pulled the *coup* of the season. Although Bucyrus had ended up deep in the cellar of the league without winning so much as a game, she talked the other sports writers into naming two Bucyrus players to the All-Conference team.

The newspaper, by the way, is becoming more isolationist and anti-Roosevelt in its policy. The county is still loyally Democratic.

Square Is Dead; People Are Busy

The Town Square looks the same. The chimes in the fire tower still play their funny melody every half hour. The young kids still hang out in the Bucyrus Restaurant, the older people in the York Cafe. Business is booming at all the shops, although it has fallen off somewhat at Fox's popcorn stand. Bill Nedele is in the Navy, so Nedele's Cigar Store is pretty well deserted, but the Wigwam Billiard Parlor is doing fine.

But Sandusky Avenue and the square are dead.

People are just too busy.

Almost everyone works at the war plants now. The Ohio Locomotive Crane Co., making cranes for the armed forces, has taken back everybody laid off during the depression, plus a lot more. There was a big celebration at the plant last spring when Gov. Bricker came up from Columbus to award the Army-Navy "E." It was a wonderful celebration except that it rained, and everyone, including the governor, got soaking wet. A modernistic new General Electric plant has sprung up miraculously in the corn field next to the Kilbourne School. Riddell, Swan and Shunk are going full blast on war orders, too. They are so pressed for manpower that school kids are being released part-time from school to work at the plants.

Even the farmers and their wives do war work. Last fall, when corn, wheat and soybean crops were the biggest ever, most of the farmers, led by W. W. Robinson, worked in the factories during the day—and then, with lanterns dangling from their tractors, worked in their fields at night. There was no hired help to be had at all, so they harvested on a cooperative basis.

Other Phases of Life Affected

The famous Bucyrus Corn Show was nothing last year compared to others, although with Ruth Haala as Queen of the Corn, there was no lessening of quality in that particular department. The town police force has been decimated by the draft, and Jack Hazer, the high-school bandmaster, and George Stoltz, the banker, are filling in as part-time cops. Monte Starner drove a horse and sleigh to his barber shop during the winter. Norton's Florist Shop is using a motor bike for deliveries. There were six different physical directors and three different janitors at the YMCA at various stages of the past year. The Silver Tavern is closed. The Evergreens is closed. The kids can't get to Marion for roller skating, or to Greenlawn and Westlake for necking. But somehow they make out just the same.

A battalion of Railway Engineers moved onto the Fairgrounds last spring, but so far the presence of the troops has not affected the town, except in two respects: (a) some of the younger high-school girls have been involved in a bit of turning of the head, and (b) the red-light district down on Railroad Avenue was liquidated.

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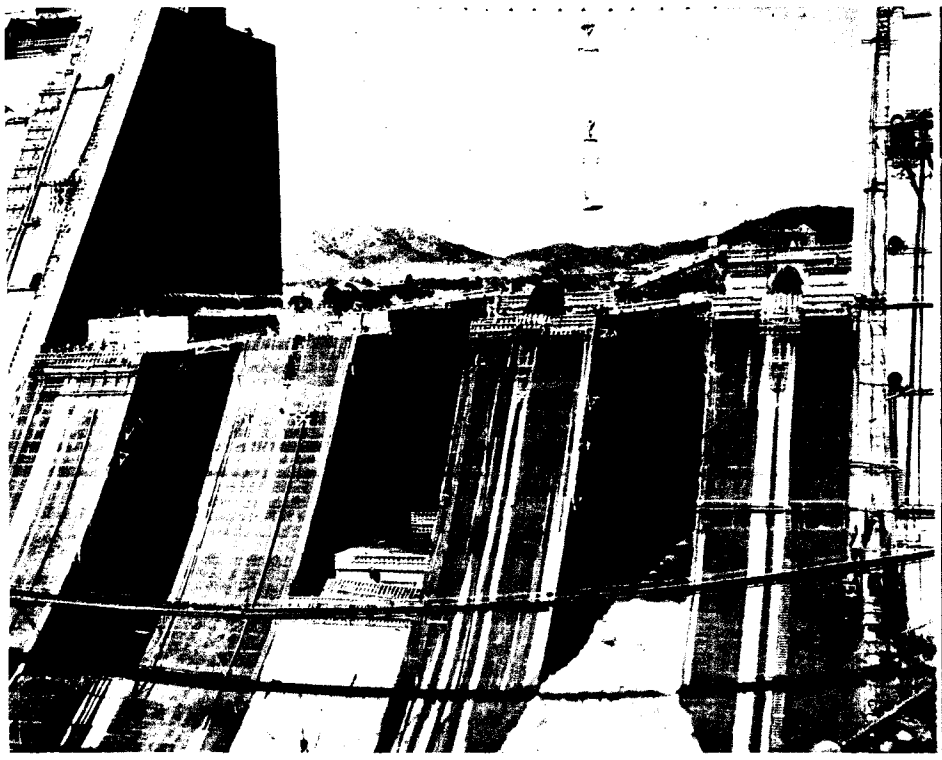
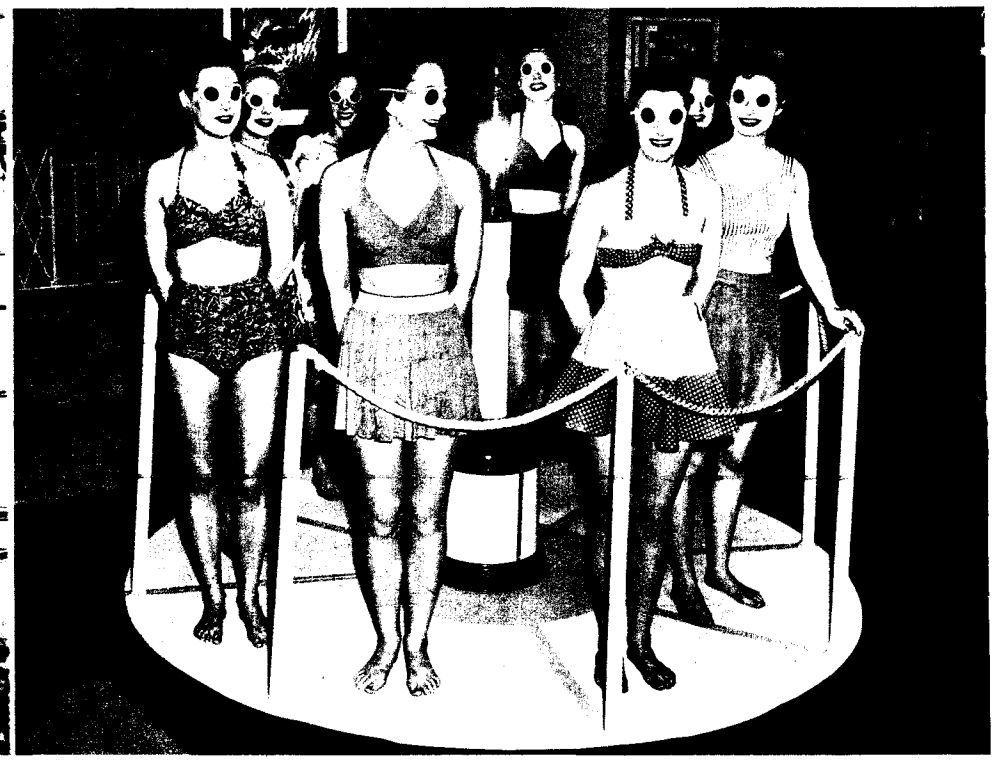


Spillways of the great Shasta Dam in California, which has been over 80 percent completed. Its power capacity is vital to the war effort.



Why are they happy? Because their resistance is being built up. New York models demonstrate British device to give ultra-violet irradiation.

NEWS from Home

ALABAMA

Paul W. Townes, Homewood, and his wife were killed in a plane crash near Gardendale. The Ingalls Iron Works, Birmingham, offered to train all unemployed, draft-deferred men for war work. Bessemer mounted its cops on bicycles. The State Revenue Department sought sales-tax tokens that were out of circulation; their metal cannot be replaced. Alabama's 1,600 beer dealers were warned against permitting prostitutes to frequent their places.

ARIZONA

Nogales' Grand Avenue School was renamed Frank Reed School, honoring the town's South Pacific hero. Gov. Osborn reprieved Elisandro Macias of Ajo, sentenced to die for killing Abdo Hage. Jessie L. Beyard was appointed postmaster of Seligman, Sarah O. Delgado postmaster of Tiger. Yuma sought more housing to meet war needs. The luxury tax on liquor was abolished.

CALIFORNIA

A mountain ridge forming part of Jack London's storied "Valley of the Moon" moved two feet an hour toward Sonoma Creek near Glen Allen; the hill's base had been washed out by springs. Albert J. Sullivan became San Francisco's fire chief. The Telenews Theater on San Francisco's Market Street was damaged by fire. Bay Area brewers worked around the clock to make up a 250,000-case beer shortage, caused by a five-day strike. The Legislature acted to modify rape laws to prevent prosecutions similar to the Errol Flynn case.

COLORADO

Gov. Vivian ordered draft deferment for farmers. Denver city officials agreed to furnish free water for victory gardens on vacant lots. Denver sought the 1944 Democratic National Convention. Colorado mine owners and miners signed extensions of contracts to prevent work stoppages pending negotiations. The 34th General Assembly passed a bill regulating labor unions before ending its session.

IDAHO

The Boise-Idaho City Road was blocked for two days by a landslide on More's Creek. Burglars took a safe containing $1,000 from Hart's Bakery, Boise. Rationing stimulated home churning of butter. Ex-Gov. Chase A. Clark became a federal judge. William Behler was tried at Ferdinand on a charge of slaying John Gilbertz, merchant. Two lawsuits challenged the repeal of the state's Ham and Eggs pension law.

ILLINOIS

The Legislature considered a post-war bonus for servicemen of 50 cents a day for each day of service up to 600 days. Shorthorn cow prices averaged $232 in LaSalle County. A Sunday drinking ban was considered as a means to eliminate absenteeism in war plants. Plans to reforest strip-mined areas in 24 counties were considered. Rock Island's mayor announced plans for a $300,000 youth recreation center. Three wealthy young Lake Forest socialites, Stanton Armour, Kent Clow Jr. and Helen Joy Priebe, were abducted at Chicago, then released without harm or ransom by five "dead-end kids." The Illinois Central Railroad opened a school to train 16- and 17-year-olds as switchmen, brakemen and firemen.

INDIANA

Evansville was listed as one of the nation's critical manpower-shortage areas. A freak twister wrecked the Laconia School, injuring two students and seven teachers. Greenfield's Pennsylvania Station was wrecked when a freight train jumped the tracks. Howard P. Joyner, Brazil truck driver, was killed when his truck touched a 11,000-volt cable at the Big Bend mine. Parking meters were voted down by the Evansville City Council. Kings Mine at Princeton went on a six-day week; fire damaged its tipple.

IOWA

Iowa hog markets hit a 20-year high, with a $15.45 top price. Railroad-crossing crashes took the lives of George Horan, Ruthven, and his mother, Mrs. Thomas Horan, Milford; and Dan Conkel and his daughter, Mrs. John Brown, of Elkhart. Gov. Hickenlooper commuted to 25 years the life sentence of James Lynch, Cedar Rapids bank robber. Hiram Finley, 101, Iowa's oldest Civil War veteran, died at Indianola. Iowans paid more in income taxes in 1943's first three months than in all of 1942.

KANSAS

Stafford and Girard recruited girls for farm work. Sedgwick County's school truancy problem was reported the worst in history. Ten Wichita dogs left for Army duty. James F. Price, director of the State Industrial Development Commission, succeeded Thomas W. Butcher as president of Emporia State Teachers College. Gov. Schoeppel signed the state's labor-control bill over union protests.

KENTUCKY

The Ohio River subsided after causing slight flood damage in the Louisville area. Frank Hopkins, Lexington farmer, barricaded his home, stood off 50 officers for 24 hours after allegedly killing Andrew Pierson, then finally surrendered. President Roosevelt signed legislation releasing $2,000,000 for housing in Louisville.

LOUISIANA

The Rev. Charles Monroe, 50, rector of St. Paul's Episcopal Church at New Orleans, was charged with attempted murder after he allegedly shot Mrs. John McBride, former secretary, and her husband. Horace Finnon Burkes was electrocuted at Lake Charles for the 1940 hitchhiker slaying of Joseph P. Calloway, for which Toni Jo Henry previously died. Fifty New Orleans taxi drivers were arrested in a parking-space squabble.

MAINE

Soldiers and coast guardsmen joined firemen from nearby towns in fighting a fire which swept the Salisbury Beach summer colony. Aroostook County is to have a 32-acre food-dehydrating plant at Caribou. At Skowhegan, the Joshua F. Williams residence on Mt. Pleasant Avenue became a woodworking factory. Greene resumed street lighting after a year of darkness. Yarmouth approved Sunday movies. Robert W. Armstrong gave Friendship $10,000 for a new town hall and library.

MARYLAND

A motor bicycle brought $180 at a Baltimore auction, a tandem bike $67. Judge Eugene O'Dunne ruled at Baltimore that poker isn't illegal unless the pot is cut. Burglars carried off a safe with $500 from the James B. Warthen Co. at Baltimore and robbed another of $400 at the General Machinery and Supply Co. The state income tax was reduced one-third. A work-or-fight bill, effective in 14 counties, was passed by the Legislature.

MASSACHUSETTS

Boston Police Commissioner Joseph F. Timilty and six other police officials were indicted on charges of conspiracy to permit gambling; Capt. Thomas Kavanaugh became acting police commissioner. Brighton's Oak Square Civic League dedicated an honor roll. Arlington residents asked restoration of bus service after 8 P. M. from Clarendon Hill to Center Street. Fifty persons were injured in a Boston collision involving two busses and a trailer truck. Dedham's Common, where Indian fighters trained in 1636, became a victory garden. James C. Reardon was reelected to the Lawrence board of aldermen while serving a jail term for soliciting gifts. Haverhill planned a $2,500 dog pound. Marlboro was having an anti-gambling drive.

MONTANA

Gov. Ford asked more meat for Montana laborers, said two pounds a week isn't enough. Jim Webb, 3, washed down a 75-foot culvert when Butte's South Side was flooded, was rescued by a girl playmate. Butte went $2,000 over its $48,000 quota for the Red Cross.

NEBRASKA

Omaha stores were cleaned out of soap after a rumor that sales were to be restricted. Fire destroyed Omaha's Sportsman Bar. Robert M. Armstrong, Auburn, became state-tax commissioner, succeeding Frank Brady, resigned. Athletics were out at Creighton for the duration. Two Army pilots were cut by flying glass when their plane flew through a flock of ducks near Grand Island.

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NEVADA

Reno police sought vandals who hurled rocks through windows of the Reno High School and business houses, causing $2,000 damage. Harry A. Winkelman sold his ranch near Genoa to Ralph L. Oakley of Pasadena, Calif. Michael Clark, pioneer Goldfield miner, was burned to death in his home. Nevada growers prepared to produce more vegetables as imports from other states dwindled.

NEW HAMPSHIRE

At Newmarket, Mrs. Channing Sewell was injured and her four children were burned to death when flames swept their home. The time for registering autos for 1943 was extended due to shortage of office help. Keene raised $33,532 in the Red Cross war-fund drive. Newly elected county officials in the state began their two-year terms.

NEW YORK

New York City speculated over reports that Mayor LaGuardia soon will enter the Army as a brigadier general. Buffalo's Grover Cleveland High School was closed as an economy move. Sale of horse meat in New York was approved by the Legislature, and bingo games for charitable purposes were legalized. St. Bonaventure College's "flying priest," the Very Rev. Celsus Wheeler, became an Army chaplain. New York's meat shortage was overcome by fresh shipments from the Mid-West.

A Round-Up of the Week Back in the States

NORTH CAROLINA

A proposal to merge the law schools of Duke, Wake Forest and University of North Carolina was blocked by Duke. The Tennessee dormitory for girls at Lees-McRae College, Banner Elk, was destroyed by fire. Flames caused $60,000 damage in the Scotland Neck business area. Jonathan Daniels, former editor of the Raleigh *News and Observer,* became administrative assistant to President Roosevelt. Harry Whitley, driver, was killed and a score of passengers were injured when a bus struck a tree near Elizabeth City. North Carolina farmers expected a $500,000 increase in their income from egg sales this year.

NORTH DAKOTA

The Heart and Missouri Rivers flooded, driving thousands of persons from their homes and causing a loss of five lives. Drowned were Robert Holt, near Dickson; Otto, Arthur and Walter Schuh, brothers, near Mandan; and Louis Woodworth, near Cartwright. The Sheyenne and Maple Rivers also flooded. The Mandan *Pioneer,* flooded out, was printed at Bismarck, leaving its own building for the first time in 60 years.

OHIO

Ten persons were killed and two were injured in an explosion at the Portage Ordnance Dump near Ravenna; dead were Rufus Bankston, Ona Sayre, David Anderson and Harry C. Kyer of Akron; Don Wirth and Samuel Wagoner of Ravenna; Alex Woodman of Newton Falls; Robert Scott of Warren, and two unidentified men. Louis Velotta, prohibition-era bootlegger, was slain at Cleveland. Merger of Cincinnati and 17 nearby communities was proposed by William R. Edgemon, reelected president of the Civic Club of Cincinnati.

OKLAHOMA

A new "Oakie" migration took 113 eastern Oklahoma farm families to Washington and Oregon for farm jobs offered by the federal government. Oklahoma City's trade school turned out knives for jungle fighting. The FBI probed a $100,000 fire at the West Tulsa refinery of the Mid-Continent Petroleum Co. Oklahoma City bought five acres as the site for Sandtown School. With Mrs. Ella B. Howard, Fort Worth (Tex.) divorcee, accused of killing Mrs. T. Karl Simmons, prominent Tulsa socialite, Oklahoma had its most sensational murder case in years. Oklahoma City's new police chief, Lawrence J. Hilbert, ordered pin-up pictures of girls removed from the walls of the detective bureau.

OREGON

Municipal Judge J. J. Quillin of Portland freed 41 city prisoners for war jobs. Ernest Peters, 63-year-old Indian, was burned to death at Portland after rescuing 11 persons from his burning home on Southwest Pine Street. The McMinnville *Telephone-Register* started a V-Mail edition for men overseas. Three Portland scrap dealers were accused by the U. S. of upgrading metals to exceed ceiling prices.

SOUTH CAROLINA

Cecil Blackmon was charged at Rock Hill with slaying his wife and her former husband when he found them together. Spartanburg County's peach crop survived a cold snap with little damage. Gov. Johnston named a draft board for the State Penitentiary. The Citadel at Charleston observed its 100th anniversary. The Cooper River tail canal railroad bridge near Moncks Corner was near completion. C. T. Bell was reelected mayor at Andrews; Rod M. Carmichael at Dillon. Beer sales were banned in Sumter County between midnight Saturday and sunrise Monday.

SOUTH DAKOTA

South Dakota Knights of Columbus met at Sioux Falls. Carl Edward Gottlob, 11, was killed at Salem when a truck struck his bicycle. Ulysses S. G. Cherry, attorney, died from a fall at a Sioux Falls intersection. Dr. Frank A. Moore, Yankton mayor, died.

TENNESSEE

Knoxville reported a serious fresh vegetable shortage; low ceiling prices were blamed. Knox and Davidson Counties tied for state traffic honors with but one death each this year. The Knoxville Chamber of Commerce and the state CIO protested Senator McKellar's bill to cut powers of the TVA directors. Clyde S. Jones, McMinnville, became state transportation director. Walter P. Taylor was named Knoxville city welfare director.

TEXAS

At Freeport, four children of Lee R. Page were burned to death. The old West End baseball park grandstand at Houston burned. America's second helium plant began production "somewhere in Texas"; the first is at Amarillo. A burglar broke into the White Cottage Cafe on Louisiana Avenue in Houston, ignored the cash register but took two hams and 29 pounds of bacon. A Texas Valley Commission was created to plot peacetime projects. Ex-Chief Justice R. A. Pleasants of the First Court of Civil Appeals died at Houston.

VERMONT

At Burlington, James Spaulding, one of 23 West Virginians in Vermont to help relieve farm-labor shortages, asked natives the way to the University of Vermont. Confused by their language, he wound up at Shelburne, eight miles away. The Legislature adjourned after an 80-day session. Charles E. Tuttle, authority on rare books, died at Rutland. Gov. Wills appealed to motorists to maintain moderate speeds.

WASHINGTON

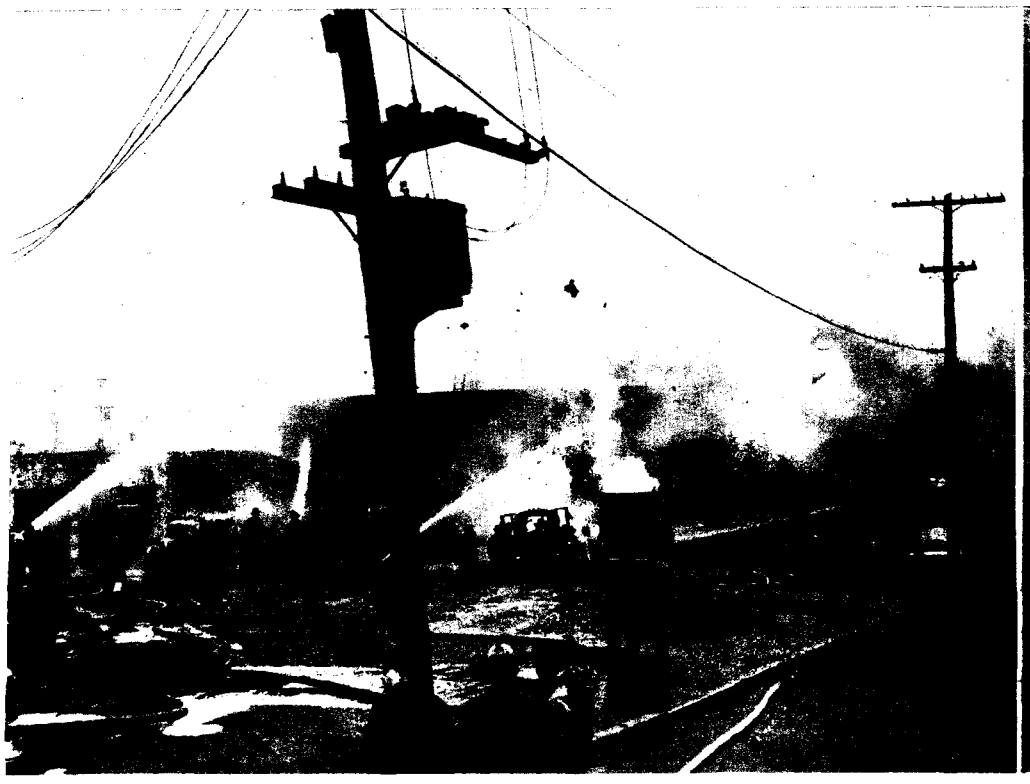
Farmers in a 600,000-acre sagebrush section northwest of Pasco were moved out when the U. S. took over the land for war purposes. Construction of the Naches Pass Highway across the Cascade Mountains in eastern Washington was scheduled as a post-war project. Logging camps were classified with tea rooms and drugstore lunch counters for food-rationing purposes. Small boat owners were limited to 20 gallons of gas a month.

WEST VIRGINIA

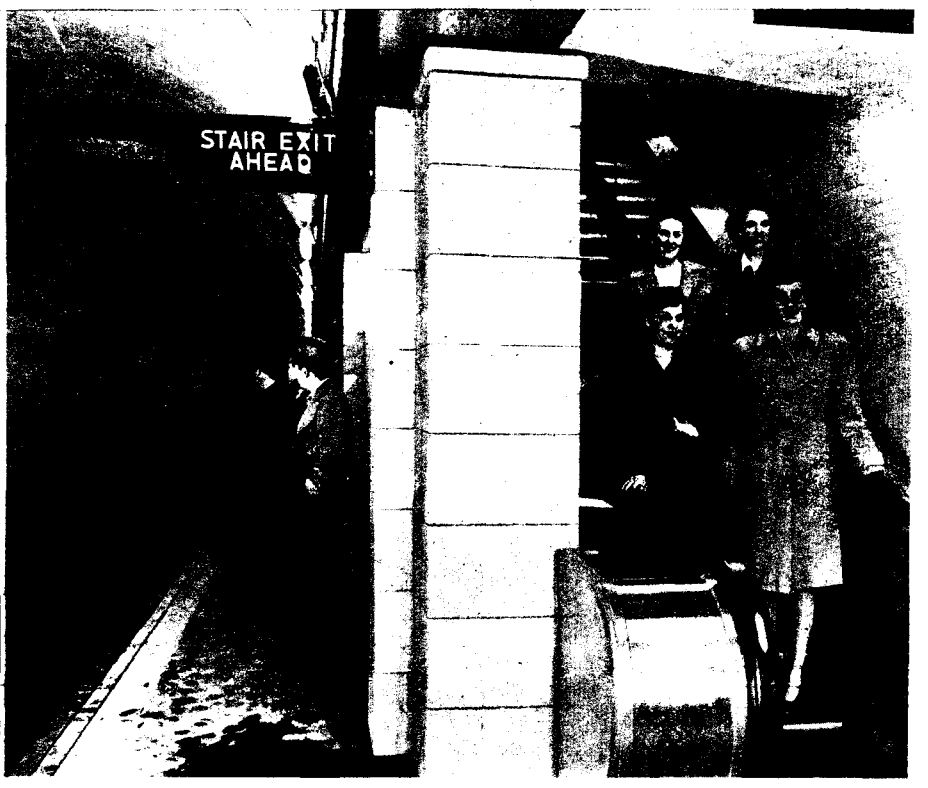
West Virginia's lumber industry was put on a 48-hour week by the U. S. The John Brawley American Legion Post at Charleston sent 40,000 cigarettes to servicemen in North Africa and the South Pacific. Jackie Lee Sattler, 2, was burned to death in his home near Widen. Six-man juries were used in Kanawha County; man shortage.

WYOMING

Casper firemen tried prairie dogs as meat, said they made good eating. The Legislature voted free hunting and fishing licenses for persons over 65 who have lived in Wyoming for 30 years. Army flyers who used planes to chase antelope herds near Casper were reprimanded. The *Wyoming State Tribune,* Cheyenne, started a weekly V-Mail edition. The state opposed federal seizure of 1,366 acres of state-owned school land for the new Jackson Hole National Monument.



The Air Reduction Corp. in Dorchester, Mass., suffered a million dollars damage when fire followed by explosions wrecked its munitions plant.



Chicago finally has its new subway. After five years of construction, a trial run was made prior to public opening. Escalators carry passengers.

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POST X CHANGE

"I used to pace the floor like this with a baby in my arms."

Jefferson Barracks, Mo. —Pfc. ALDO

Going Tropical

GIs in the tropics call it "going tropical." It denotes the many strange things that happen to the human mind and body after a time among the swaying palms. When your eyes become glassy and you stare, unseeing, into the wild blue yonder, when you talk to yourself and find the conversation boring—then you may reasonably assume that you are going tropical.

I had believed that all the needling I had undergone would immunize me against going tropical, but lately I am beginning to wonder. An incident that took place the other day will give you an idea of what I mean.

It was about 5 in the evening, that period known as the Children's Hour. Al, Till and I were on our bunks in the barracks. I was puffing a cigar and musing when the insidious business began.

Till had said something, and I asked him to repeat it.

"What?" he inquired, fixing me with a stare like that of a Cape Cod haddock.

"What did you just say?" I asked again.

"When?" he queried, still staring that stare.

"All questions and no answers," I said. "What were we talking about?"

"I don't know," said Till. "Weren't we going to the PX for a coke?" Then he looked at me coldly and said, "Why don't you get rid of that cigar."

"Like hell," I shouted, "the colonel gave it to me this morning."

At that they both shouted back, "When did you see the colonel?"

I couldn't remember, so I asked, "Didn't we have a coke a half-hour ago?"

"Yeah, let's have one," answered Till, playing with a piece of string, a piece of red string.

"But don't forget Ben Franklin and Philadelphia," warned Al.

"What the hell has Ben Franklin got to do with getting a coke?" I inquired irritably.

"Well, you said Boston is the center of culture," Al replied.

"That was yesterday," I remarked patiently.

"What's at the movies tomorrow?" Till asked, chewing on a piece of string, a piece of blue string.

"We'd better go to the first show and then write to our loved ones," I said.

Just then I found myself moving in the direction of the PX for a coke. Till rolled over, off his bunk, and onto the floor. Al just sat there, staring.

See what I mean?

Trinidad —S/Sgt. TOM VAHEY

GI JINGLES

Women who love
And women who hate
Are the only ones that wait.

•

I have no time
To waste on Sundays.
I soak my socks
And wash my undies.

—Sgt. E. BLACKWELL

Robins Field, Ga.

"Well, it all depends on the length of your pass."

San Francisco, Calif.—Pvt. EDW. REMELSBERGER

The Bulletin Board Mysteries
OR
The Trapping of Mad Morgan

THE way we caught S/Sgt. Morgan, or "Mad Morgan" as he came to be called, was by posting a guard around the bulletin board at night.

Very strange bulletins had been appearing on the board in front of the orderly room. They would be posted sometime in the night and read by everyone first thing in the morning. Eventually someone in authority would find them and tear them down, but by then it was usually too late.

"There will be underwear inspection for the entire unit at 8:45 this morning," said one of his earliest efforts. "Each man will be standing beside his bunk, at attention, in his underwear and stocking feet." Morgan, of course, was there in his underwear, beaming, and as puzzled as anyone when nobody showed up to inspect.

This was only a slight annoyance. Fake promotions were very embarrassing. A list of promotions would appear on the bulletin board, always including the eager boys who were sweating hardest for stripes. By noon at least half a dozen men would be ripping new stripes off their sleeves and cursing the unknown practical joker.

Occasionally his bulletins were so wild that we should have spotted them. "There will be a special physical inspection at 9 this morning. All personnel will fall out wearing only shoes, raincoat and gas mask." Yet when we did disregard a bulletin we got into trouble. The one about "outdoor airing of all bunks in front of the barracks" sounded like one of the fakeroos to us, but it turned out to be straight, and 19 of us got gigged for ignoring it. You never know in the Army.

"The unit will assemble at 7:30 this morning," said the most embarrassing of all Morgan's bulletins. "The commanding officer has received word that a member of this unit has been having improper relations with a local girl. The man's name is not known, but his appearance is familiar to her parents, who will be here to review the men and pick the guilty one out of the line-up. Punishment will be much less severe if the guilty party will give himself up immediately, by reporting to Capt. Jones in his office."

Several men, some of them with considerable rank, quietly requested an interview with the captain on the strength of this bulletin.

We posted a guard around the bulletin board, and a corporal caught Morgan in the act of pinning up a piece of paper which read, "The latrine in Barracks 3 has been contaminated. All men who have used the latrine during the past 36 hours will report at once to the hospital." Morgan giggled when he was captured. "Never did want to work in no orderly room anyhow," he gloated.. Two days later he had his medical discharge. "Mental instability."

—Sgt. RAY DUNCAN

Santa Ana (Calif.) Army Air Base

MY LOVES

There is Sandra with the smold'ring eyes,
And Jeanne who is so wondrous wise.
Elaine the lovely, tall and fair
Whose figure is beyond compare.
Then Ruth who walks with silken grace,
And Helen with her angel's face.
Yes, all these darlings I adore
Though in my heart there's room for more.
And why shouldn't I love them all?
They're only pictures on my wall?

—Pfc. SID JUNGMAN

Fort Logan, Colo.

TWO TEETH

Two teeth I had, pulled GI style;
One hole I have, wide as a mile.
My face looks like a mountain pile;
I had two teeth pulled GI style.

—Pfc. SALVATORE A. LUZZI

Syracuse (N. Y.) Army Air Base

MARC ANTONY'S SPEECH

Marc Antony and Cleopatra were sailing down the river on her flower-bedecked barge, Cleo lying languidly on a couch, Marc standing before her, his breast plate gleaming in the sun.

"Cleo," he said, "my love for you surges like a raging forest fire. Furthermore, O goddess of the Nile . . ."

"Marc," Cleopatra interrupted, stretching her arms, "I am not prone to argue."

—The Aileron

Lemoore (Calif.) AFS

PUZZLE SOLUTIONS

WORD STAGGERS
1. Censor. 2. Scours. 3. Sacred. 4. Occurs. 5. Captor. 6. Scurry. 7. Secret. 8. Actors. 9. Caesar.

HERE'S A NEW ANGLE
Simple, but deceptive. Just shift 7 to the left of 2, number 10 to the right of 3, and number 1 below and between 8 and 9.

CHECKERBOARD STRATEGY
White moves 32 to 27. This doesn't look very bright because it allows Black to crown his blocked checker—by moving 28 to 32. In fact, that is the only move at Black's disposal. White moves 6 to 9. Black must jump 32 to 23. White now moves 9 to 14—and the game is over. Black must give away two checkers. White wins.

PRESIDENTIAL REBUS
1. Harding. 2. Lincoln. 3. Grant. 4. Cleveland. 5. Monroe. 6. Fillmore.

Blockbuster Winners

Twenty entrants in the Blockbusters Contest in the Mar. 5 issue of YANK busted the word BATTLEGROUND into 500 or more smaller words and are being mailed YANK Puzzle Kits as prizes. Best score: 986 words, submitted by S/Sgt. Philip L. Wineman, Aberdeen Proving Grounds, Md. Others, in order, are: T/5 Richard A. Perry, Seattle, Wash., 778; Cpl. William P. Smith, Washington, D. C., 750; Cpl. Harry L. Lee, Quantico, Va., 714; Sgt. Joseph M. Broome, Fort Benning, Ga., 704; Sgt. N. M. Squyers, Leavenworth, Kans., 666; Pvt. Clifford R. Wills, 650; Pvt. Herbert Goldberg, Stringtown, Okla., 650; 1st Sgt. Collin Clubb, Fort Bragg, N. C., 597; H. A. Taylor, S2c, Houston, Tex., 566; Pvt. Arthur L. Fladd, Albuquerque, N. Mex., 576; Pvt. Henry M. Weissman, overseas, 567; S/Sgt. L. L. Peck, Fort Lewis, Wash., 560; Pvt. Ira Gordetsky, Camp Phillips, Kans., 545; Sgt. F. R. Kennedy, Sebring, Fla., 536; Cpl. John F. Downing, San Antonio, Tex., 536; S/Sgt. A. W. McCanless, Santa Ana, Calif., 534; Cpl. John Bruckler, Atlantic City, N. J., 525; Cpl. Lou Marcowitz, Camp Davis, N. C., 502; John Z. Schmidt, PhM3c, Little Rock, Ark., 500.

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SPORTS: PHUTILE PHILLIES HAD A NEW LEASE ON LIFE UNTIL BILL COX HIRED A TRAINER WITH COMMANDO IDEAS

By Sgt. DAN POLIER

EVERYBODY always talked about the Phillies, but nobody ever did anything about them. Bill Cox did. He bought them.

The National League had the Phillies for sale, cheap, when Bill Cox came along with a bankroll and yearning to angel a big league team. The league had just taken over the Phillies when it became evident that they could no longer advance any more money to keep the franchise from sinking. Bill Cox had the club tossed into his lap for $300,000, just a little more than the Red Sox paid for shortstop Joe Cronin.

It became an open secret that the Phillies would never be the same under Bill Cox's leadership. He was a progressive young man with reasonably stable ideas, and the feeling was that he would guide the Phillies into a respectable groove along with such staid contenders as the Pirates and the Cubs.

Bill Cox took at least one step in this direction. He walked right up to the front-office staff and informed them they were through. He then turned on his very capable and very old manager, Hans Lobert, and fired him, too. The only man to survive was Jimmy Hagan, for 40 years road secretary of the Phillies. Bill Cox beamed kindly on Hagan.

"This man is a faithful servant," said Cox. "I understand he has seen more games and fewer people than anybody in baseball."

Cox poured another stimulant into the Phillies when he announced that he would treat them to a manager who had once won two major-league pennants. Stanley (Bucky) Harris, the not-so-young Boy Wonder of the Washington Senators, was his choice.

The Phillies were promising to become an interesting development when Bill Cox went out and hired himself a trainer. Undoubtedly this was a mistake. It was, in fact, a grim warning that the new era for the Phillies was over. The sad cycle had started all over again.

Cox wasn't satisfied to call his new man a trainer. He insisted that the public recognize Harold Anson Bruce as the physical training director. Bruce immediately capitalized on this title and became serious with his work.

When the team gathered at Hershey, Pa., for spring training. Director Bruce outlined a well-rounded commando training program which, he said, would go into effect that very day. Bill Cox smiled approvingly, but Bucky Harris only shook his head.

"This is like punishing the boys because they are Phillies," Harris said. "I suggest we give this guy back to the nearest gymnasium."

Commando Bruce, left, and Owner Cox warm up at Hershey, Pa.

"Oh, no," said Cox. "He's got the stuff. He's 57 years old and he ran 10,000 meters only a week ago. Look at him, Bucky, and notice how lightly and briskly he moves."

"You look at him," suggested Harris. "You hired him."

In a few minutes Bruce had everybody on the team looking at him. He was explaining an excruciating little exercise called the elephant walk in which a man turns his stomach to the sky and, using his arms and legs, walks along the ground. Cox was impressed. He stepped forward and pointing to his oldest pitcher, Si Johnson, said. "Let's see you try this elephant walk."

"You try it yourself," roared Johnson.

Getting nowhere with Johnson, Cox turned on another old man, Chuck Klein, and demanded that he walk elephant fashion.

"Who in the hell wants to be an elephant." said Klein: "It's bad enough being a Philly."

Before he was finished, Bruce had not only paced his reluctant crew through the elephant walk but other little tortures like the pinwheel, a four-mile dash, and a series of 35 push-ups. It wasn't surprising when nobody showed up for dinner that night except Bruce, Cox, Harris and the faithful servant Hagan.

Owner Cox was disturbed. He dashed upstairs and as he moved from room to room he found his men motionless on their beds, still in their uniforms. Only their eyes moved.

As Cox returned to the dining room, he was greeted by Bruce. "How are my boys?" he asked. "Have they calmed down yet?"

"Completely," said Cox.

"Good, I knew they would adjust themselves." Bruce said. "Tomorrow I will give them something that will really do them a lot of good. It's the internal hot water bath. I am going to bring thermos bottles filled with hot water on the field. When the boys want a drink, they will drink hot water—not cold—and it will act as a magnificent irrigation."

"That will get them into shape," Cox said.

"Or in their graves," Harris concluded.

Bucky Harris seems to know where his ball club is going even before the season opens.

Roster of the ST. LOUIS BROWNS

This is the fourth and last in a series of team rosters of the leading American league pennant contenders. Next week we move over to the National League.

PITCHERS	Bats	Thrs.	Hgt.	Wgt.	Home Address	1942 Club	W.	L.
Caster, George	R	R	6:01	194	Long Beach, Calif.	St. Louis	8	2
Dean, Paul	R	R	6:02	195	Garland, Texas	Houston	19	8
Galehouse, Dennis	R	R	6:01	200	Cuyahoga, Ohio	St. Louis	12	12
Hollingsworth, Albert	L	L	6:01	200	St. Louis, Mo.	St. Louis	10	6
McKain, Archie	L	L	5:11	190	Minneapolis, Kans.	Toledo	17	11
Muncrief, Robert	R	R	6:02	200	Denison, Texas	St. Louis	6	8
Niggeling, John	R	R	6:00	170	Remsen, Iowa	St. Louis	15	11
Ostermueller, Fred	L	L	5:11	175	Quincy, Ill.	St. Louis	14	10
Potter, Nelson	R	R	5:11	185	Mt. Morris, Ill.	Louisville	18	8
Rich, Woodrow	R	R	6:02	185	Indianapolis, Ind.	Indianapolis	10	10
Seinsoth, William	L	L	6:03	215	Los Angeles, Calif.	New Orleans	24	10
Sundra, Steve	R-L	R	6:02	210	Atlantic City, N. J.	Washington & St. Louis	9	6
CATCHERS							B.A	F.A.
Ferrell, Richard	R	R	5:10	160	Wilmington, N. C.	St. Louis	.223	.986
Hayes, Frank	R	R	6:01	190	Medford Lakes, N. J.	Phila. & St. Louis	.248	.979
Schultz, Joseph	L	R	5:11	185	St. Louis, Mo.	Memphis	.330	.981
INFIELDERS								
Baker, Floyd	L	R	5:10	160	Youngstown, Ohio	San Antonio	.326	.959
Christman, Mark	R	R	5:11	180	St. Louis, Mo.	Toledo	.276	.972
Clift, Harlond	R	R	5:11	180	Selah, Wash.	St. Louis	.274	.941
Gutteridge, Donald	R	R	5:09	170	Pittsburgh, Kans.	St. Louis	.255	.973
Heffner, Donald	R	R	5:11	155	Arcadia, Calif.	St. Louis	.167	.906
McQuinn, George	L	L	5:11	165	Alexandria, Va.	St. Louis	.262	.991
Stephens, Vernon	R	R	5:10	188	Long Beach, Calif.	St. Louis	.294	.944
Strange, Alan	R	R	5:09	162	Seattle, Wash.	St. Louis	.270	.933
OUTFIELDERS								
Chartak, Mike	L	L	6:01	205	Sparta, N. J.	St. Louis	.237	.962
Criscola, Anthony	L	R	5:11½	180	Toledo, Ohio	St. Louis	.297	.955
Kreevich, Mike	R	R	5:07½	173	Springfield, Ill.	Philadelphia	.255	.981
Lambs, Chester	R	R	5:08	175	Detroit, Mich.	St. Louis	.275	.970
McQuillen, Glenn	R	R	6:01	205	Washington, D. C.	St. Louis	.283	.969

COACHES—James W. (Zack) Taylor, Fred Hofmann MANAGER—James Luther (Luke) Sewell
NATIONAL SERVICE LIST—George Archie, Walter Judnich, Frank Mancuso, Peter Appleton, John Berardino, Joe Grace, Jack Kramer, John Lucadello.

Illini Whiz Kids, Big Ten Champs, Gave Their NCAA Tourney Bid to Little DePaul

The best basketball team in the nation this year didn't play outside of the Big Ten Conference and never got to a national tournament. They were so good that several Big Ten coaches picked five of them for the All-Conference team. One Chicago sports writer, Francis Powers, had the boldness and honesty to suggest that all five be named on the All-America.

The University of Illinois not only was the best team of the year but one of the best of all time. Old timers can't recall a better team except the New York Celtics, who were professionals anyhow. For college purposes, they'll settle for the Illini.

Illinois wasn't overlooked when the tournament pairings were being drawn up. They gave their NCAA bid to little DePaul of Chicago, who had a great season in their own league. DePaul let Illinois down. They were knocked out of the NCAA early as Wyoming went on to sweep the title and later defeat St. John's, champions of the National Invitational tournament, 52-47.

No one could dispute Andy Phillips as an All-America forward. The 6-foot 3-inch junior paced the Illini Whiz Kids through an undefeated season in the Big Ten, and shattered just about every scoring record in the conference. His record of 225 points looks like a durable standard unless Phillips decides to break it himself next year.

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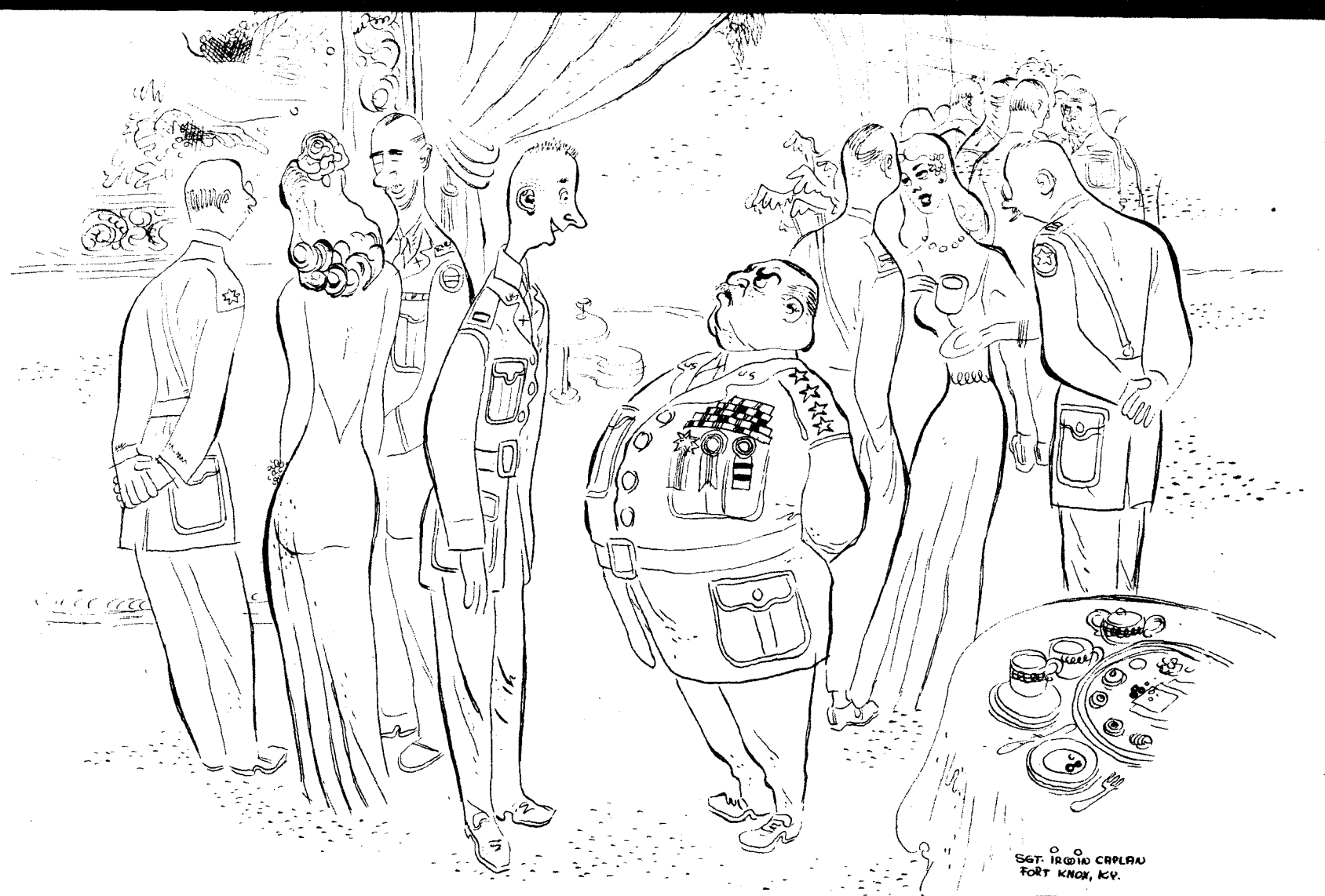

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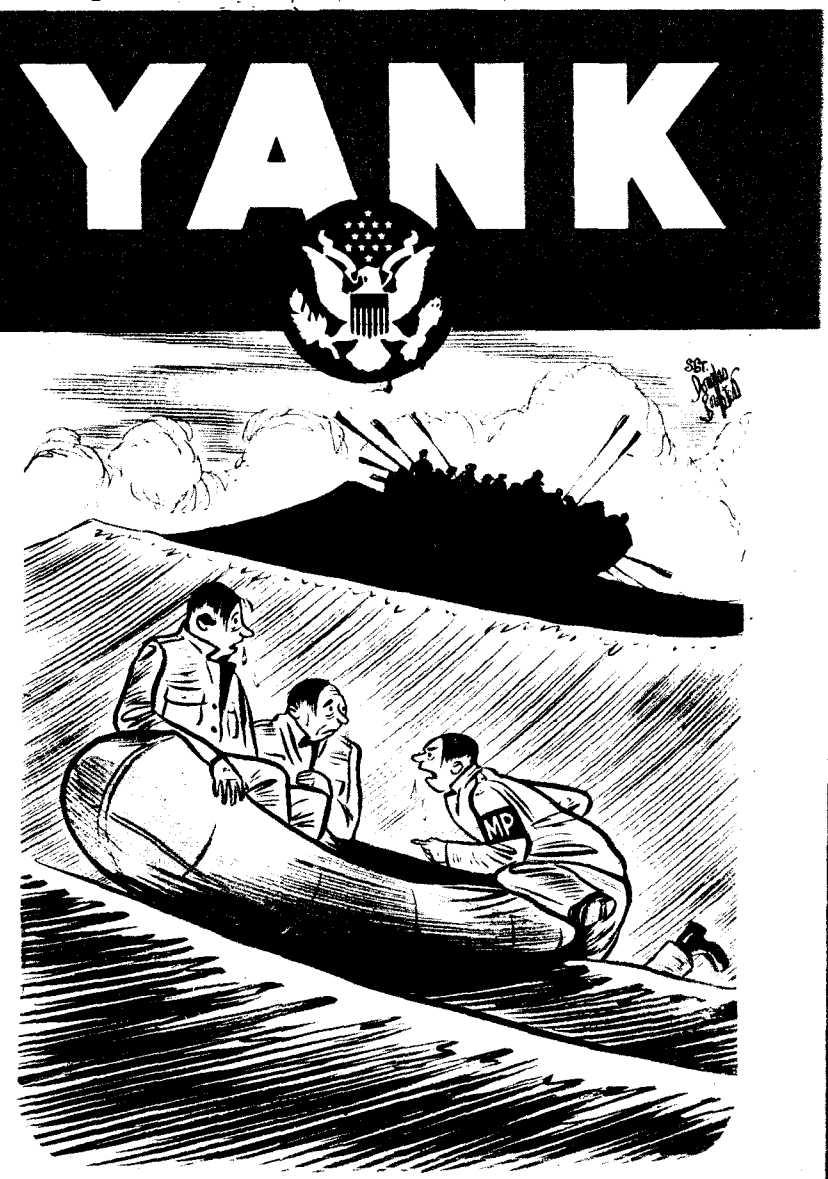
"IT CAN'T BE A MIRAGE, BUCKY. THEY ONLY HAVE THEM IN THE DESERT."
Australia —Sgt. CHARLES PEARSON



"BUTTON YOUR BLOUSE!"
—Sgt. DOUGLAS BORGSTEDT

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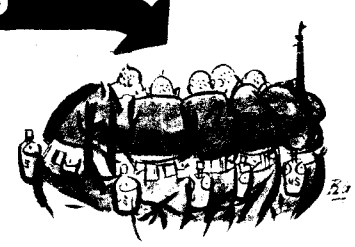

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